CAMBRIDGE POETS
1900-1913
AN ANTHOLOGY

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CAMBRIDGE POETS, 1900—1913

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Cambridge Poets

1900—1913.

AN ANTHOLOGY

CHOSEN BY

AELFRIDA TILLYARD.

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To the memory of Dr. VERRALL;

to Mrs. VERRALL;

and to all my Cambridge Friends.

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PREFACE.

MY thanks are due (1) to the authors, who have so generously placed their work at my disposal; (2) to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature, for his introduction; and to him, and to Mr. Frank W. Stokoe, scholar of Caius College, for very helpful criticism and advice; (3) to Miss Vere Cochran, Librarian of Girton College, who lent me a number of books that I should not otherwise have seen; (4) to the editors of the following papers for kind permission to reprint poems which have appeared in their pages:—*The Times (Women's Supplement)*, *Country Life*, *Poetry and Drama*, *The Poetry Review*, *The Equinox*, *The Nation*, *The New Age*, *The Westminster Gazette*, *The Eyewitness*, *The Cambridge Review*, *The Cambridge Magazine*, and *The Granta;* (5) to the following firms of publishers for allowing me to make use of copyright matter:—Mr. Heineman, for poems from "The Bird of Time," by Sarojini Naidu; Mr. Edward Arnold, for two extracts from "Week-day Poems," by Hugh Owen Meredith; Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, for poems by Rupert Brooke; Mr. Nutt, for part of a poem from "Songs of the Double Star," by G. Leathem; The Poetry Bookshop for "Grantchester" by Rupert Brooke; Mr. John Lane, for one poem from "The

Call of Dawn," by Esmé C. Wingfield-Stratford; Messrs. Lynwood and Co., for two poems from "Exodus" by Martin D. Armstrong; and Mr. Max-Goschen for two poems from "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" by J. Elroy Flecker.

My apologies are due to all poets, specimens of whose work ought to have been included in the anthology—there must be many such; and to any editors or publishers whose kindness I may have inadvertently omitted to acknowledge.

AELFRIDA TILLYARD.

Cambridge, June, 1913.

INTRODUCTION.

I SHALL take it to be conceded, at this time of day, not only that good poetry is worth writing, but that our language has a capacity and our nation a rather special aptitude for it: and these admissions—if the reader will be good enough to make them before starting upon the poems here collected—will excuse together the authors, the anthologist, and the contributor of this short 'Introduction.'

For if good poetry be worth writing, the attempt to write it must be worth making: nor does it need a Socratic dialogue to prove that the more numerous they are who engage in the attempt the fairer will be the prospect of *somebody's* succeeding. Derision of minor verse, serio-comic terror of poetasters, prophesy of their multiplying and devouring us in a flood, disparagement of the poetic ambition in any stage short of acclaimed success—all these have ever belonged to the witling's stock-in-trade, and I know no part of it more cheaply come by. You will find it very nobly and disdainfully assigned its proper value in the opening page or two of Dryden's famous *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. In that little masterpiece, Dryden deliberately lays his scene, choosing an occasion which, more than any in his time, might seem to justify the vulgar contempt of poetry as a mere frill and accessory upon human affairs:—

> 'It was that memorable day [he says], in the first summer of the late war, when our navy engaged the Dutch: a day wherein the two most mighty and best

appointed fleets which any age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the globe, the commerce of nations, and the riches of the universe. While these vast floating bodies moved against each other in parallel lines and our countrymen, under the happy conduct of his Royal Highness, went breaking, by little and little, into the line of the enemies, the noise of the cannon from both navies reached our ears about the City, so that all men being alarmed with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event which we knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him, and leaving the town almost empty, some took towards the park, some cross the river, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.'

Dryden goes on to relate how in company with three gentlemen 'whom their wit and quality have made known to all the town'—they were Lord Buckhurst, Sir Charles Sedley and Sir Robert Howard, in the Essay disguised under the borrowed names of *Eugenius*, *Lisideius* and *Crites*—he took barge down through the crowded shipping to Greenwich; where the four listened in silence as the air broke about them in little indulations of sound 'like the noise of distant thunder or of swallows in a chimney,' until by little and little it fell away and at length Eugenius, lifting a hand, congratulated all on this certain omen of victory, adding the devout wish 'that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English coast.' Thereupon (as the bravest will, when a long tension of the spirit is happily relaxed) Sir Robert Howard let the strain down with a flippant remark, that 'He could scarce have wished the

victory at the price he knew he must pay for it, in being subject to the reading and hearing of so many ill verses as he was sure would be made upon it.'

Now so far as we can separate it from the literary skill let us particularly consider the courage of this opening—which may challenge anything in Plato. Dryden no more fears to introduce a high literary discussion straight upon the retreating Dutch cannon than did Boccaccio to oppose his merry tales against a background of plague-swept Florence: for Boccaccio and Dryden, as great men, saw and trusted that man's concern in what literature can do for him is actually more vital and assuredly more permanent than his agitation, sharper for the moment, over any national crisis or public calamity. It takes (I say) a great and a brave man to perceive this; a very brave man indeed to maintain it when every neighbour he meets will accuse him for a fool and worse. Dryden chooses to be bolder yet, and pays our admission to his high discourse with a foolish light coin that passes current wherever men and women have nothing more serious on hand than to dine and chat and make themselves agreeable.

For Howard's pleasantry (as old as Juvenal, and older) has in truth very little sense to commend it. I am writing this by a window which stands open above a two-mile beach, along which the tide has for some three hours been advancing. Parables, analogies, have usually a weak point somewhere; and so I dare say has this, which I take for an illustration only. But the seventh or ninth wave which hurls itself in on so proud a crest, to capture whole yards of territory, owes its impetus to the moving mass of water behind, though

its eminence come from that force in a happy moment of application. So it happens even with a Shakespeare. I do not say that he can be explained: but will maintain that no explanation is possible which leaves out of account the moving mass out of which he was projected. Despite all its towering crests he who would understand Elizabethan literature must lay his account with an ocean of mighty flat and dull reading.

In fine, we may reverence good poetry without wrapping a religious mystery about it. It is with poets as with bricklayers,—if you set a thousand to work you are likelier to discover genius than if you set a dozen; and this in spite of all such sayings as *poeta nascitur non fit* and *solus rex vel poeta non quotannis nascitur.* For even as many youths have started with an impulse for poetry and failed to achieve it, so many others have dropped into it almost by hazard and discovered their genius by practice. Which is more likely—that Shakespeare came to London on the impulse to write such a play as Hamlet? or that he avoided Stratford in some disgrace, that he sought the capital to pick up a livelihood, started by holding horses at the theatre door, became an actor, learned how plays should be written, and so steadily improved his genius upon successive chances?

A vast deal of nonsense moreover is talked by those who, making a mystery of poesy, treat it as something too holy to be practised except by stealth. I have never heard it advanced that because in religion *omne exit in mysterium* we should abstain from practising religion in our daily life. For my part, I doubt if some discipline in verse-making be not as necessary to complete intellectual grace in a man as fencing or

swordsmanship to the complete grace of his body: and this doubt is strengthened in me by reflecting how certainly the final grace withholds itself from one who lacks understanding of poetry and how usefully the attempt to write it enlarges that understanding. In this efficacy Cambridge, at any rate, has always trusted; and the following pages prove, and prove amply, that she remains loyal as ever to the belief. Critics—middle-aged critics especially—will find much amiss with them; and the fault as usual will lie with Time at least as much as with Thyrsis, with the critic's years as with the singer's lack of them:—

> Our feelings lose poetic flow
> Soon after thirty years or so:
> Professionising modern men
> Thenceforth admire what pleased them then—

(I am writing far from books and quote the author of *Ionica* from treacherous memory). In the hey-day of the Elizabethan drama in the year that gave birth to *Hamlet*, middle-aged men were no less positive than they are to-day concerning poetry, that

> the worst and worst
> Times still succeed the former.

But if our eyes refuse to acknowledge the brilliance of the flame, they must at least recognise the ardour and number of the torch-bearers: for whatever old age may lose it retains (if only for the sake of avarice) the faculty of counting.

Now I do not propose to pick and choose for commendation among the numbers which Mrs. Graham has gathered together: because young men, while kindly

allowing that my enthusiasm keeps remarkably green for its age, grow apt to tell me that when it comes to particular poets—or at any rate, when it comes to *their* work, it discriminates less well than of yore: and I make no doubt they are right. Since, right or wrong, they are certain to scan this book more closely, not to say jealously, than the ordinary disinterested reader, I decline taking the risk of detailed praise.

A small word of protest will be safer. I note—and may summon almost every page of the book for evidence—that the lyrical form nowadays dominates all others; that even in Mr. Hardy's *Dynasts*—yes, and even in Mr. Doughty's great epic—other forms are perpetually haunted and worried, if not actually tyrannised over, by the lyrical. Indeed a young poet gravely informed me, the other day, that the lyric held the whole future of poesy—every other form being dead; nor was he abashed on being reminded of the Scottish farmer's prayer—"O Lord, take everything from everybody else, and give it ALL to me!"

I note further that as a part of this tendency (or, at all events, concurrently) the Lyric goes on to remove itself more and more from the music of its origin, to ignore the accompaniment of song and instrument, to become reflective, 'subjective' and, when emotional, intent on its own emotions rather than on its auditors'.

Now this tendency seems to me, for several reasons, a mistaken one; but chiefly for this, that it leaves the poet's business half done. It is not enough that he is a man more sensitive than his fellows, that he guesses at universal secrets unguessed by them, that his gift pro-

vides him with exquisite sensations, or even that he makes an inventory of these in exquisite language. The old business of the poet did not end with his apprehending this or that of universal truth, or with his being acutely affected by it, or even with his coming back and informing folks that he had fallen in love or had lost a friend, and that it was a tremendous experience. On top of all this he had to realise his *self* by losing it, to purge the personal out of his discovery, to *re-clothe* it, and to bring the universal back in a new embodiment which all men could recognise. To this the fine *objective* forms of the Drama and the Epic not only invited but compelled him. However difficult the task, he had to build, and to build solidly. The gushing 'O, that 'twere possible!' had to be captured, grasped and held until it became an Orpheus or a Hamlet, as the young men held Proteus until from running water he turned into a man again.

To my thinking the common abnegation, in one day, of this most difficult part of the poet's business may well account for the public neglect into which poetry has fallen as a pretty occupation for sensitive souls. Until we take the trouble to re-clothe it in concrete forms—and the old forms lie ready to our hand, while new ones are well worth inventing—the *virtuose* may applaud, but we shall miss the catholic appeal of great art.

This small but sufficient volume of Cambridge verse, written between 1900 and 1913, proves at any rate that the poetic *impulse* abides and is strong in the University which, so justly proud of her poets, has really no excuse for resigning poetry as a lost glory.

Nor can she ever afford to do without it. Says Mr. Abercrombie, in his *Ceremonial Ode, intended for a University*—

> This, then, is yours: to build exultingly
> High, and yet more high,
> The knowledgeable towers . . .
> That so Man's mind, not conquered by his clay,
> May sit above his fate,
> Inhabiting the purpose of the stars
> And trade with his Eternity.

Now, in historical fact, such traffic uplifted on knowledge has hitherto been mainly conducted for Man by poetry and philosophy; and in Man's experience of the two, the commerce of poetry has brought the more durable profit.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

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JOHN ALFORD.

THE SINGERS.

THERE'S a mist on the land, low flying
O'er cottage and meadow and pen,
And a wind in the eaves is crying
From over the fen.

Fallen the treasure of beeches
And naked the tangle of thorn,
And the bare boughs make sad speeches
And sighings forlorn.

There's death in the marshes reeking
And death in the arm of the air,
And our hearths to the mists are leaking
And no warmth there.

Sweet ye bards was the singing
Of magical numbers ye made
When summer her bounty was flinging
O'er forest and glade.

And we hearing forgot them after,
When the mists lay still in the fen,
Nor heeded nor needed, for laughter
Was in us then.

But the bloom of the vale is vanished
And wan is the winter's brow,
O let not songs be banished
From your lips now,

For we have need of your voices,
Need of the fire of your lays,
When none but the prophet rejoices
Who counts not the days.

Arise ye bards, that ye quicken
The pulse of our soul, that the strong
In your music be stronger, the stricken
Take heart in your song!

HOAR FROST.

FAIRIES in the night have been,
With the moon alone to see,
And about the ivy's green
Wrought a silver filigree;

Bound the jasmin to the wall
With a flimsy, flashing wire;
Turned the pampas grasses tall
Into standing tongues of fire;

Then with nimble hands and quick,
At the coming of the dawn,
Generously have sprinkled thick
Pearls and diamonds on the lawn.

ODE ON NIGHT.

DO you know the soul of night?
It is more unfathomable than the mind of a woman,
It is more beautiful than her body.
For night is as strong as a virgin in the prime of her womanhood,
She is as tender as a mother with her babe at breast.

My soul was aflame for her love.
I went out to her and reached up but was unworthy.
I strove for her as a river that strives towards a wide ocean.
I caught at the jewels in her hair, but they evaded me.
The great diadem that is set in the midst of her forehead mocked me
So that I was provoked and blasphemed against her,
For my longing was greater than I could bear.
But she took pity on me.
She touched mine eyelids with her lips
That I might know nothing in the time of her presence.

A short while ago I was sore stricken in the long and insistent battle.
But she in her mercy tended me.
She washed my wounds with the waters of evening,
Tending them with touches as soft as the breath of the south wind.
She healed them with ointments distilled from the light of the stars.
And in the morning I returned to the battle,
Glorifying night with praises of the magic of her healing.

Yesterday I was troubled with the words of men,
For they had denied the beauty and the sanctity of all things.
They had broken the faith with the universal spirit,
Saying that nothing is save themselves only, that are unworthy, more than I even, of the knowledge and love of night.
And, sore distressed, I listened for her in the time of the great stillness, and was not disappointed.
She came to me as a prophet to a stricken people,
And her voice I heard vibrating from one wall of the darkness to the other,
Crying "I am, I am."

Lo, when it shall happen that I am like to die,
I shall take me to the top of a mighty mountain at the time of the low sun,
And I shall look across the valleys that I have known
And shall see the hills that are against me bathed in gold light.
And I shall be glad of life, and that the time has come when I may know her whom I have so long desired.
And when the sun is no more, my body shall be blown to the four corners of the earth.
But I shall be free to mingle with her whom I love.
I shall be one for ever with the uttermost parts of the dim constellations.

E. N. DA C. ANDRADE.

*THE VIOLIN.

IF there be soul in wood and strings
To humour thus the quiet night,
If matter dead so strives, and sings
Such glory, with such transitory,
Spontaneous, tremulous sounds attesting,
With cadences like rose leaves shed
When keen sweet winds disperse delight,
Radiance revealing, rising, resting,
Declining, drooping, dying, dead.

Impetuous to rise again
Like fire, like wild fire's flaming flakes,
Like high-hurled spray on moon-lit main,
Like a fountain throwing liquid light,
Bearing such joy to such a height,
Scattering delight in such swift shakes,
Lending desire such subtle wings—
All this the simple wood and strings
With human hand to guide it, makes.

What sounds should I, so complex more,
Constructed with such artifice,
So full of wonder and device,
Surrounded with such happy store
Of miracle to celebrate,
New visions sprung with each new date,
Of fields unknown, and paths untrod,
What sounds should I then resonate
Beneath the urgent hand of God?

THE SWORD SONG.

OH fair and straight and like a naked sword
A splendour at morning, a light of victories,
Bright, beautiful, and glorious award
To men of the creative deities
Who forge up flesh with song, and singing fashion
The fair long lines, and make it sharp with passion
And send it down among us for a sword.

—A blade of steel with hilts of subtle gold,
A sword between two lilies, a sword unsheathed
Swung among snowflakes, sweet, hard, tender, cold.

Oh fair and straight, in a furnace of delight
With naked love to blow the flames, they wrought
Your beauty of dreams enored in summer night,
Sharp flashes of song, and poets' molten thought,
And golden ornaments of prodigal spring,
And cool in tears they tempered the lovely thing,
A cruelty, a wonder, a delight.

—A little cruel, for steel must needs be keen
And cruel, but a blade of wonder, with spells enwreathed,
But a subtle delight of shape and strength and sheen.

A gleaming edge to sunder truth from lies,
To cleave white love and wantonness apart,
An edge against the banded infamies
That throng the road, and powerful through the mart
To pass unstained, a splendour through the dust,
A sword to lay across the throat of lust,
To make the liars fear to tell their lies.

—Oh, you are fair, my love, and keen your kiss,
Who shall avail to make your glories his,
Who wed with you, my sword-like Thoralis?

DIANA IN THE OPEN.

AS the strong sun that leaps upon the sea,
She runs amid the waving grass. Beware!
The flashing strands of her tumultuous hair
Will bind you to her track eternally.
Her young, smooth arms, her waist and bosom free,
Her shining shoulders, beautiful and bare,
Her dabbled ankles dazzle those who dare
To gaze too long. They follow hastily.
A perilous quest! Oh, whosoever follow
Swift, pure Diana's star, a harbinger
By hill and heath, through stream and mossy hollow,
Must too be pure. Swift torment fell on him
Who, breaking on her bathing at the brim
Of some cool streamlet, lusted after her.

STUDENTS' SONG.

FOR God's sake, let us laugh a little,—
All our days we strive to seek
Things the world calls worthy, brittle
Bubbles breaking while we speak.
Half believing old pretences,
Fearing censure from the wise,
Down we bow 'fore what our senses
Tells us are inanities.

The sun's out: damn their teaching—
The sun's out: damn all preaching—
We are wise, but we will prove
We are not too wise to love.

Teachers, when you've often said it,
You believe much foolishness:
Preachers, do you really credit
All you tell of happiness?
Poor old men, whose brains' abortions
Seems such lovely children: fools!
Twisters of the world's proportions,
Bad old pedants of the schools.

The sun's out: skies are clearest—
The year's young: kiss me, dearest—
We are fools, but we will prove
Not too foolish now to love.

*FRAGMENT.

BECAUSE your face is with me in the dark
Wrought out in fire and unattainable air,
Because the past is with me and despair,
Kindling the blackness bright with many a spark
Of memory to make me writhe and weep:
Because I cannot sleep—
For thorny to my side is all my bed,
And all the night is stubble to my soul,
And all my pillow nettles to my head—
Because my mouth demands a spell to say,
And misery demands her lawful toll
Of inexpressive words, which I must pay,
I set my hands towards you through the gloom,
I set my painful love against the beat
Of my blood's fountain, set aside the throng
Of devils, bid your presence fill the room,
I cry to you, and call your shadow sweet,
I make your name the tenour of my song,
Thoralis, Thoralis, Thoralis ——

MARTIN D. ARMSTRONG.

COWARDICE.

THE king cried "Bring me colour, the heart's wine:
Open my treasuries," he cried, "and heap
Autumnal rubies, emeralds that shine
Like sunlit seas, and sapphires dark and deep

As nights of summer, and the shattered glow
Of irised opals. Bring me sanguine grapes
And tawny-hearted peaches, figs that show
The purpled pulp, and nectarous plums whose shapes

Hang down like drops of amber. Fill the urns
And crystal flagons with clear essences
And glutinous syrops; scatter soft-plumed ferns
And flowers with crimson throats or cavities

Cupped with sea-blue, and sunset dahlias,
And sun-flowers round whose fulgent discs are curled
Tongues of gold flame, like an ethereal blaze
That forged the substance of the teeming world."

They brought him jewels from the treasuries
And poured them forth before him,—sapphires blue
As southern nights, rubies, chalcedonies,
And fiery opals. Slaves in order due

Bore pyramids of fruit in golden bowls,
  Or, heaped on shining salvers; others poured
Rich wines and syrops; others set on poles
  Torches of frankincense that shed abroad

A curling fragrance down the corridors.
  Flowers wreathed the beams and porches, showering
From marble balconies, until the floors
  Were drifted deep with petals. And the King

Sat in the midst and let the jewels stream
  Between his fingers, till, in that domain
Utopian, Truth and Fear became a dream,
  And he took comfort to his heart again.

EXODUS.

WE served him with the sweat of many years,
  Squandered our youth in labour in his fields,
  Our backs were bowed beneath the heavy yields
That swelled his coffers, and our wage was tears.

Then was it that I learnt to hate the sun,
  And that the golden fountains of the East
  Became a sign of servitude increased.
Each morn I felt their flaming glory run

Through all my pulsing veins. So had I died
In slavery. But last year he rode away
To court, in Paris; and the self-same day,
When noon had mellowed into eventide,

A thought leapt in my brain, and I took down
A rusty axe and ground it on the wheel,
And shaped the edge until the sharpened steel
Shone like a minnow. Then I climbed the crown

Of that broad slope, where girt with massy oaks
His hall looks out upon the timbered lands,
And heaving up the weapon in my hands
Hewed at a bole. Birds scattered at the strokes.

Oh, it was good to feel the singing axe
Bite deep and deeper; good to feel the sting
Nettle my palms; to see at every swing
Wedges of living wood fly, as the hacks

Clove through its toughness. It was good to use
My muscles for my pleasure; make my strength
Obey my will. Now first through all the length
Of labouring years I felt delight suffuse

My glowing limbs. The sunset waxed apace
Till all the tree-trunks ranged along the hill
Stood black against the splendour, like the grille
Before a torture chamber; and my face

And hands and axe grew bloody in the glare,
  And gleaming sap oozed from the wounded tree,
  But still my body glowed exultingly
Like iron in the forge, as if some rare

Immortal essence from the setting sun
  Had made me godlike. Lonely on the hill
  I knew myself transfigured, and my will,
Responsible to no man, urged me on

While all the hosts of darkness mustered round.
  But when the west had smouldered into ash,
  The first tree swayed and snapped, and with a crash
Hurled down its leafy mass and strewed the ground

With splintered boughs. Seven feudal centuries
  Fell in that ruin; and, it seemed, the power,
  Vanquished and driven from its ancestral bower,
Took root in me, for to the other trees

Strong and refreshed I turned. And now the gap
  Of lurid sky which I had opened there
  Grew cold and star-sown, and the keen night air
Was sweet with leafage bruised and living sap.

But when at last not light enough was left
  To labour by, I kindled logs of oak
  With crackling furze, and glare of flame and smoke
Illumined my midnight smithy. So I cleft

The living timber, and the night wore on,
  But still my strength increased as each great tree
  Fell prone; and to the next with quenchless glee
I turned. Therefore I vanquished one by one

The hearts that centuries could not decay.
  Night-long I toiled, but when the East grew fawn
  I ceased, and there amid the waste at dawn
Rested, like God upon the seventh day.

Then, shouldering the shining axe, I strode
  Across the sunrise; and the life-long hate
  Flowered into joy. Scarce heard, his iron gate
Clanged-to behind me as I took the road.

*FLAME.

ONLY the fire of love can fuse and burn
  This solid world to spirit. But we two
Have caught love back by the escaping wing,
Therefore shall life be perfect, for our eyes
Are opened and our stooping souls stand up
Full-statured under the roofless heaven of love.

Open the doors of Infinity; bring forth
The golden cups and pour the kindling wine.
So shall we drink and see, with hearts made wise,
Dead rocks and metals tense with whirling life;
Rivers and seas and meres and the streaming winds
Sure, ceremonial, move to the pulse of change:
Yea, Spirit shall see how from the teeming earth
Waving trees and the beautiful lives of flowers
Flicker like tongues of flame;
Shall see how man, the bright untameable spirit,
Leaps and aspires and burns upward for ever,
A quivering flame, beyond the flaming stars.

FRANCIS BÉKÁSSY

*A BOAT FOR LOVE.

GIVE me but the boat, I say,
  Sorrow never follows;
Fare you well! I shall not stay:
  Winter's in the hollows.

Where the wastes stretch far away,
  Blurred with rain, and blending,
Or to-morrow or to-day
  Love shall have an ending.

There the swans dash through the wave,
  On the water swinging;
I shall make my scallop rave
  With the tempest springing.

I shall come before the snow;
  I shall come a-courting
To the hazy depths below,
  Shadows at their sporting.

When the snow before the rout
  Drifts against my sail,
I shall turn my boat about
  Straight across the gale!

Over endless waters wind,
  Chase the fast stream faster;
All but love is left behind:
  Death shall prove the master!

Now the sparrows cease their cry;
  Silence stands appalling.—
Still and far and deep I'll lie,
  Where the snow is falling.

FRAGMENTARY VIEWS.

1. Waters.

LARCHES all green and chestnuts hardly white,
  Rough grass, and clumpy marigolds I see
Within the water: but how changed quite!
A world begins, where tree doth grow from tree.

What dusky Earths, what Fires at all compare
With thee, what Air, what Shadows lightly wrought,
Thou living Water! Settled softly there,
Proud with the proud reality of Thought.

2. Clouds.

YEA, very swiftly do they veer, and fly;
Their shadow dapples the abundant vale,
And in a while no cloud is on the sky.
Their forms are fanciful, of texture frail:

And now like hounds in great pursuit they seem!
—Their prey will vanish in the opening morn.
Only a little while the trappings gleam,
And for a little space doth sound a horn.

3. Winds.

A-TIPTOE up and down and all about
What folly prompts you, wind, from room to room?
Leave now the creaking staircases; go out;
Make sturdy movement all across the broom

And in the heather-bells; or in a mead
Stiffen the hairs upon a horse's mane;
And, unreluctant as the moments speed
Soar to destruction in the slanting rain.

J. d'AUBRAY BELL.

SPRING IN MONTPARNASSE.

THROUGH the more limpid air the live trams clash
And pitch, with more impetuous speed imbued:
Black trees that all the winter seemed to brood
Thought-swathed start up with sudden emerald flash
And stretchings out of myriad crumpled hands:
Huge ship-like corner-houses that till now
Lay listless and becalmed shake from their prow
Pennons that thrill towards unknown spring-lands:
The cafés spread their awning-leaves above
An early crop of pert habitués;
The teeming boulevard flickers and sways
With snap of life grown tenser; half-beasts rove
About the sky: even your coldness thaws
To eagerness beneath the hot sun's laws.

RUPERT BROOKE.

IN EXAMINATION.

LO! From quiet skies
In through the window my Lord the Sun!
And my eyes
Were dazzled and drunk with the misty gold,
The golden glory that drowned and crowned me
Eddied and swayed through the room . . .
Around me,
To left and to right,
Hunched figures and old,
Dull blear-eyed scribbling fools, grew fair,
Ringed round and haloed with holy light.
Flame lit on their hair,
And their burning eyes grew young and wise,
Each as a God, or King of Kings,
White robed and bright
(Still scribbling all);
And a full tumultuous murmur of wings,
Grew through the hall;
And I knew the white undying Fire,
And, through open portals,
Gyre on gyre,
Archangels and angels, adoring, bowing,
And a Face unshaded . . .
Till the light faded;
And they were but fools again, fools unknowing,
Still scribbling, blear-eyed and stolid immortals.

DAY THAT I HAVE LOVED.

TENDERLY, day that I have loved, I close your eyes,
And smooth your quiet brow, and fold your thin, dead hands.
The grey veils of the half-light deepen; colour dies.
I bear you, a light burden, to the shrouded sands,

Where lies your waiting boat, by wreaths of the seas making
Mist-garlanded, with all grey weeds of the water crowned.
There you'll be laid, past fear of sleep or hope of waking;
And over the unmoving sea, without a sound,

Faint hands will row you outward, out beyond our sight,
Us with stretched arms and empty eyes on the far-gleaming
And marble sand . . .
Beyond the shifting cold twilight,
Further than laughter goes, or tears, further than dreaming,

There'll be no port, no dawn-lit islands! But the drear
Waste darkening, and, at length, flame ultimate on the deep.
Oh, the last fire—and you, unkissed, unfriended there!
Oh, the lone way's red ending, and we not there to weep!

(We found you pale and quiet, and strangely crowned with flowers,
Lovely and secret as a child. You came with us,
Came happily, hand in hand with the young dancing hours,
High on the downs at dawn!) Void now and tenebrous,

The grey sands curve before me . . .
From the inland meadows,
Fragrant of June and clover, floats the dark, and fills
The hollow sea's dead face with little creeping shadows,
And the white silence brims the hollow of the hills.

Close in the nest is folded every weary wing,
Hushed all the joyful voices; and we, who hold you dear,
Eastward we turn, and homeward, alone, remembering . . .
Day that I loved, day that I loved, the Night is here!

KINDLINESS.

WHEN love has changed to kindliness—
Oh, love, our hungry lips, that press
So tight that Time's an old god's dream
Nodding in heaven, and whisper stuff
Seven million years were not enough
To think on after, make it seem
Less than the breath of children playing,
A blasphemy scarce worth the saying,
A sorry jest, "When love has grown
To kindliness—to kindliness!" . . .
And yet—the best that either's known
Will change, and wither, and be less,
At last, than comfort, or its own
Remembrance. And when some caress
Tendered in habit (once a flame
All heaven sang out to) wakes the shame
Unworded, in the steady eyes
We'll have—*that* day, what shall we do?
Being so noble, kill the two
Who've reached their second-best? Being wise
Break cleanly off, and get away,
Follow down other windier skies
New lures, alone? Or shall we stay,
Since this is all we've known, content
In the lean twilight of such day,
And not remember, not lament?
That time when all is over, and
Hand never flinches, brushing hand;

And blood lies quiet, for all you're near;
And it's but spoken words we hear,
Where trumpets sang; when the mere skies
Are stranger and nobler than your eyes;
And flesh is flesh, was flame before;
And infinite hungers leap no more
In the chance swaying of your dress;
And love has changed to kindliness.

THE OLD VICARAGE, GRANTCHESTER.

Café des Westens, Berlin,
May, 1912.

JUST now the lilac is in bloom,
All before my little room;
And in my flower-beds, I think,
Smile the carnation and the pink;
And down the borders, well I know,
The poppy and the pansy blow . . .
Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through,
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above; and green and deep
The stream mysterious glides beneath,
Green as a dream and deep as death.
—Oh, damn! I know it! And I know
How the May fields all golden show,

And, when the day is young and sweet,
Gild gloriously the bare feet
That run to bathe . . .
Du Lieber Gott!
Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,
And there the shadowed waters fresh
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.
Temperamentvoll German Jews
Drink beer around; and *there* the dews
Are soft beneath a morn of gold.
Here tulips bloom as they are told;
Unkempt about those hedges blows
An English unofficial rose;
And there the unregulated sun
Slopes down to rest when day is done,
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,
A slippered Hesper; and there are
Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton,
Where *das Betreten* 's not *verboten!*
εἴθε γενοίμην . . . would I were
In Grantchester, in Grantchester!—
Some, it may be, can get in touch
With Nature there, or earth, or such.
And clever modern men have seen
A Faun a-peeping through the green,
And felt the Classics were not dead,
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low . . .
But these are things I do not know.
I only know that you may lie

Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,
Until the centuries blend and blur
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. . . .
Still in the dawnlit waters cool
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx;
Dan Chaucer hears his river still
Chatter beneath a phantom mill;
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,
How Cambridge waters hurry by . . .
And in that garden, black and white,
Creep whispers through the grass all night;
And spectral dance, before the dawn,
A hundred Vicars down the lawn;
Curates, long dust, will come and go,
On lissom, clerical, printless toe;
And oft betwixt the boughs is seen
The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . .
Till, at a shiver in the skies,
Vanishing with Satanic cries,
The prim ecclesiastic rout
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,
Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,
The falling house that never falls.

* * * * *

God! I will pack, and take a train,
And get me to England once again!

For England's the one land I know,
Where Men with Splendid Hearts may go;
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
The shire for Men who Understand;
And of *that* district I prefer
The lovely hamlet, Grantchester.
For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile;
And Royston men in the far south
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth;
At Over they fling oaths at one,
And worse than oaths at Trumpington;
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,
And there's none in Harston under thirty,
And folks in Shelford and those parts
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,
And Barton men make cockney rhymes,
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,
And things are done you'd not believe,
At Madingley, on Christmas Eve.
Strong men have run for miles and miles,
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles;
Strong men have blanched, and shot their wives,
Rather than send them to St. Ives;
Strong men have cried like babes, bydam,
To hear what happened at Babraham.
But Grantchester! ah, Grantchester!
There's peace and holy quiet there,
Great clouds along pacific skies,
And men and women with straight eyes,

Little children lovelier than a dream,
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,
And little kindly winds that creep
Round twilight corners, half asleep.
In Grantchester their skins are white;
They bathe by day, they bathe by night.
The women there do all they ought;
The men observe the Rules of Thought.
They love the Good; they worship Truth;
They laugh uproariously in youth;
(And when they get to feeling old,
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told.) . . .

Ah, God! To see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester!
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
Unforgettable, unforgotten
River-smell, and hear the breeze
Sobbing in the little trees.
Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand
Still guardians of that holy land?
The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,
The yet unacademic stream?
Is dawn a secret shy and cold
Anadyomene, silver-gold?
And sunset still a golden sea
From Haslingfield to Madingley?
And after, ere the night is born,
Do hares come out about the corn?
Oh, is the water sweet and cool

Gentle and brown, above the pool?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
And Certainty? And Quiet kind?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . oh! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten-to-three?
And is there honey still for tea?

RICHARD BUXTON.

SONNET.

O DEAREST, if the touch of common things
Can taint our love or wither, let it die.
The fre'est hearted lark that soars and sings
Soon after dawn amid a dew-brushed sky
Takes song from love and knows well where love lies,
Hid in the grass, the dear domestic nest,
The secret, splendid, common paradise.
The strangest joys are not the loveliest:
Passion far-sought is dead when it is found,
But love that's born of intimate common things
Cries with a voice of splendour, with a sound
That over stranger feeling shakes and rings.
The better love, the higher ecstasy
Lie in the intimate touch of you and me.

*SONG.

MY heart is like a meadow
Where clouds go over,
Dappling the mingled grass and clover
With mingled sun and shadow,
With light that will not stay
And shade that sails away.

Your heart is like an orchard
That has the sun forever in its leaves;
Where on the grass beneath the trees
There falls the shadow of the fruit
That ripen there for me.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

ROSES and kisses alike we've known and enjoyed to the fullest:
Yesterday's roses are dead, those of next year are not born.
Autumn comes on apace. O take my head on your bosom;
Let us reason awhile between a kiss and a kiss.
All my body and soul are bent and bowed to your service,
Take my body and soul, give me your body and soul:
Trusty and anxious servants bound the one to the other,
Seek not to set them apart, each has station in love.
Love me and understand me, sympathy give me and passion,
Give me a place in your mind, give me a place in your heart.
Long life lies before us, years of living together;
Reason is not enough. Kiss me, belovèd, again.

THE GREY LAND.

THERE was a man who loved a wood so well,
Each separate tree, each flower and climbing weed,
That at the last he thither went to dwell
And mix himself with all those quiet things.
Then gradually left him thought and deed
Till dead were all his soul's imaginings.
So, day by day,
All his own being gently flowed away
And left him mixed indeed
With flower and climbing weed
With them in summer green, in autumn grey.

So the grey country draws me till I go
And make surrender of myself again;
The misty hill, the leaden stream below
Are waiting to accept me when I will,
And if my stubborn heart and hands complain
A slow wind moves upon the misty hill
And whispers to me here of peace and rest,
Of union with stone and grass and tree,
Where being sleeps and is not cursed or blessed,
Where hands can never feel and eyes not see,
Where life and death alike are grey,
In this grey land that sucks my life away.

A MEMORY.

GORSE and the curving grass and the sun-heavy air were around us:
All the world was asleep; you and I were awake.
Slowly the children crept to rest in the shadowy bushes,
Slowly still the sun rose in the vacuous sky.
Earth and air and our souls were faint in the heat of the noonday;
Slower and yet more slow moved your hand in my hair.
Time stood still and the sun had paused his path in the heavens,
Not a breath in the air ruffled the leaves of the bush.
Even our hearts were still and the restless swarm of our kisses
Paused and abandoned their flight resting yet on our lips.
Yet, as a man in a swoon sees heaven and earth laid before him,
Clearly I saw our love binding and making us one.

SONG.

AS some hot traveller
Going through stones and sands,
Who sees clear water stir
Amid the weary lands,
Takes in his hollowed hands
The clean and lively water
That trickles down his throat
Like laughter, like laughter,

So, when you come to me
Across these parchèd places
And all the waste I see
Flowered with your graces,
I take between my hands
Your face like a rare cup
Where kisses mix with laughter
And drink and drink them up
Like laughter, like laughter.

ARCHIBALD Y. CAMPBELL.

INVITATION AU VOYAGE.

(From Four Poems for Children.)

PUT on your coat and come to my boat,
And I'll row you away with me
Till the land and the day are both far away
And the night looks over the sea;
And the dim moonlight will show you a sight
That only at night can be—
The lights that glow and glitter below
When the dark is over the sea.
And I shall row where the moonbeams throw
A streak across the sea,
And we'll follow the streak on the waters bleak
To see what the end may be;
For it may be the home where the dreams come from,
Or it may be a dead city,
Or a great rock wall, or nothing at all
But a streak across the sea.

ANIMULA VAGULA.

NIGHT stirs but wakens not, her breathings climb
To one slow sigh; the strokes of many twelves
From unseen spires mechanically chime,
Mingling like echoes, to frustrate themselves;
My soul, remember Time.

The tones like smoke into the stillness curl,
The slippered hours their placid business ply,
And in thy hand there lies occasion's pearl;
But thou art playing with it absently,
And dreaming, like a girl.

AMY K. CLARKE.

*THE "VENUS DE MILO."

THE SCULPTOR SPEAKS.

NOTHING of strange, or exquisite, or rare,
No tortured limbs, or godlike pose, for me.
Doubtless their work was good; I found it fair
But knew my masters—and I let them be.
I wrought unbidden, without hope of fame,
Such simple work as our plain fathers knew,
Content with little honour, and a name
Unlauded. Thus my patience reaps its due;
A woman, weary from the vineyard, rests
Her laden basket on the plinth, and now
Before my Aphrodite stays and sighs,
Something of Woman finding in the breasts
I made adoring—on the eternal brow
Strong contemplation, as of seaward eyes.

*"VISION OF HIM."

THROUGH the Uncreated,
Unfelt, Untrod,
Breathed for a moment
Sorrow of God.

And lo! it fell starlike—
  Trembling to cease
In His Infinite gladness
  Infinite peace.

Out of that tremor
  Time was made,
Worlds crept into being
  Young and afraid.

Slowly, by beauty,
  His creatures grew wise,
Slow dawned its wonder
  On opening eyes.

Men watched adoring
  His waters roll,
Deep flowed His colours
  Through sense and soul.

Moan of creation—
  Rapture that stirs—
Blindly they learned it,
  Years upon years.

Till clearly one spirit
  Cried on His Name
From all her lovely
  And earthly frame.

Light could not veil it,
  Nor darkness dim,
Flesh but receive it—
  Vision of Him.

Deep sunk His answer,
  The Word that sufficed—
Out of her Body
  Cometh His Christ.

FRANCES CORNFORD.

AUTUMN EVENING.

THE shadows flickering, the daylight dying,
And I upon the old red sofa lying,
The great brown shadows leaping up the wall,
The sparrows twittering; and that is all.

I thought to send my soul to far-off lands,
Where fairies scamper on the wind-swept sands,
Or where the autumn rain comes drumming down
On huddled roofs in an enchanted town.

But, O my sleepy soul, it will not roam,
It is too happy and too warm at home;
With just the shadows leaping up the wall,
The sparrows twittering; and that is all.

THE MOUNTAINS IN WINTER.

UNUTTERABLY far, and still, and high,
The mountains stand against the sunset sky,
O little angry heart, against your will,
You must grow quiet here, and wise, and still.

YOUTH.

A YOUNG Apollo, golden-haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life.

THE CERTAIN KNOT OF PEACE.

SO, my proud soul, so you, whose shining force
Had galloped with me to eternity,
Stand now, appealing like a tired horse:
Unharness me.

O passionate world; O faces of my friends!
O half-grasped meanings, intricate and deep!
Sudden, as with a child, the tumult ends,
Silenced by sleep.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

I LAID me down upon the shore
And dreamed a little space;
I heard the great waves break and roar,
The sun was on my face.

My idle hands and fingers brown
  Played with the pebbles grey;
The waves came up, the waves went down,
  Most thundering and gay.

The pebbles they were smooth and round
  And warm upon my hands,
Like little people I had found
  Sitting among the sands.

The grains of sand so shining-small,
  Soft through my fingers ran;
The sun shone down upon it all,
  And so my dream began.

How all of this had been before,
  How ages far away
I lay on some forgotten shore
  As here I lie to-day.

The waves came shining up the sands,
  As here to-day they shine;
And in my pre-Pelasgian hands
  The sand was warm and fine.

I have forgotten whence I came,
  Or what my home might be,
Or by what strange and savage name
  I called that thundering sea.

I only know the sun shone down
  As still it shines to-day,
And in my fingers long and brown
  The little pebbles lay.

IN DORSET.

FROM muddy road to muddy lane
  I plodded through the falling rain:
For miles and miles was nothing there
But mist and mud, and hedges bare.

At length approaching I espied
Two gypsy women side by side,
They turned their faces hard and bold
And brown and freshened by the cold,
And stared at me in gypsy wise
With shrewd, unfriendly, savage eyes.

No word they said, no more dared I,
And so we passed each other by—
The only living things that met
In all those miles of mist and wet.

A HANS ANDERSEN SONG.

"COME away, you fools, you fools,
From your scented wine and meat,
Now the elves with splashing feet
Dance among the reedy pools."

Thus across the terraced lawn,
Sang a streak of sunset sky,
And a lord and lady high
Listened, till the blinds were drawn.

"Only children dream of elves,"
Tinkled then the chandelier:
"With maturer wisdom here
Sit and over eat yourselves."

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

IN NEVILLE'S COURT, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

I THINK the souls of many men are here
  Among these cloisters, underneath the spire
That the moon silvers with magnetic fire;
But not a moon-ray is it, that so clear
Shines on the pavement; for a voice of fear
  It hath, unless it be the breeze that mocks
  My ear, and waves his old majestic locks
About his head. There fell upon my ear;

"O soul contemplative of distant things,
Who hast a poet's heart, even if thy pen
  Be dry and barren, who dost hold love dear,
Speed forth this message on the fiery wings
Of stinging song to all the race of men;
  That they have hope; for we are happy here."

ON GARRET HOSTEL BRIDGE.

HERE in the evening curl white mists and wreathe in their vapour
All the gray spires of stone, all the immobile towers;
Here in the twilight gloom dim trees and sleepier rivers,
Here where the bridge is thrown over the amber stream.
Chill is the ray that steals from the moon to the stream that whispers
Secret tales of its source, songs of its fountain-head.
Here do I stand in the dusk; like spectres mournfully moving
Wisps of the cloud-wreaths form, dissipate into the mist,
Wrap me in shrouds of gray, chill me and make me shiver,
Not with the Night alone, not with the sound of her wing,
Yet with a sense of something vague and unearthly stalking
(Step after step as I move) me, to annul me, quell
Hope and desire and life, bid light die under my eyelids,
Bid the strong heart despair, quench the desire of Heaven.
So I shudder a little; and my heart goes out to the mountains,
Rock upon rock for a crown, snow like an ermine robe;

Thunder and lightning free fashioned for speech and seeing,
Pinnacles royal and steep, queen of the arduous breast!
Ye on whose icy bosom, passionate, at the sunrise,
Ye in whose wind-swept hollows, lulled in the noonrise clear,
Often and oft I struggled, a child with an angry mother
Often and oft I slept, maid in a lover's arms.
Back to ye, back, wild towers, from this flat and desolate fenland,
Back to ye yet will I flee, swallow on wing to the south;
Move in your purple cloud-banks and leap your far-swelling torrents,
Bathe in the pools below, laugh with the winds above,
Battle and strive and climb in the teeth of the glad wild weather,
Flash on the slopes of ice, dance on the spires of rock,
Run like a glad young panther over the stony high-lands,
Shout with the joy of living, race to the rugged cairn,
Feel the breath of your freedom burn in my veins, and Freedom!
Freedom! echoes adown cliff and precipitous ghyll.
Down by the cold grey lake the sun descends from his hunting,
Shadow and silence steals over the frozen fells.

Oh, to be there, my heart! And the vesper bells awaken;
Colleges call their children; Lakeland fades from the sight.
Only the sad slow Cam like a sire with age grown heavy
Wearily moves to the sea, to quicken to life at last.
Blithelier I depart, to a sea of sunnier kindness;
Hours of waiting are past; I re-quicken to love.

THE GOAD.

AMSTERDAM, *December 23rd, 1897.*

LET me pass out beyond the city gate.
All day I loitered in the little streets
Of black worn houses tottering, like the fate
That hangs above my head even now, and meets
Prayer and defiance as not hearing it.
They lean, these old black streets! a little sky
Peeps through the gap, the rough stone path is lit
Just for a little by the sun, and I
Watch his red face pass over, fade away
To other streets, and other passengers,
See him take pleasure where the heathen pray,
See him relieve the hunter of his furs,
All the wide world awaiting him, all folk
Glad at his coming, only I must weep;
Rest he or sink, my weary eyes invoke
Only the respite of a little sleep;
Sleep, just a little space of sleep, to rest
The fevered head and cool the aching eyes;
Sleep for a space, to fall upon the breast
Of the dear God, that He may sympathize.
Long has the day drawn out; a bitter frost
Sparkles along the streets; the shipping heaves
With the slow murmur of the sea, half lost
In the last rustle of forgotten leaves.
Over the bridges pass the throngs; the sound,
Deep and insistent, penetrates the mist—

I hear it not; I contemplate the wound
Stabbed in the flanks of my dear silver Christ.
He hangs in anguish there; the crown of thorns
Pierces that palest brow; the nails drip blood;
There is the wound; no Mary by Him mourns,
There is no John beside the cruel wood.
I am alone to kiss the silver lips;
I rend my clothing for the temple's veil;
My heart's black night must act the sun's eclipse;
My groans must play the earthquake, till I quail
At my own dark imagining. And now
The wind is bitterer; the air breeds snow;
I put my Christ away; I turn my brow
Towards the south steadfastly: my feet must go
Some journey of despair. I dare not turn
To meet the sun; I will not follow him;
Better to pass where sand and sulphur burn,
And days are hazed with heat, and nights are dim
With some malarial poison. Better lie
Far and forgotten on some desert isle
Where I may watch the silent ships go by,
And let them share my burden for awhile.
Let me pass out beyond the city gate
Where I may wander by the water still,
And see the faint few stars immaculate
Watch their own beauty in its depth, and chill
Their own desire within its icy stream.
Let me move on with vacant eyes, as one
Lost in the labyrinth of some ill dream,
Move and move on, and never see the sun

Lap all the mist with orange and red gold,
  Throw some lank windmill into iron shade,
And stir the chill canal with manifold
  Rays of clear morning; never grow afraid
When he dips down beyond the far, flat land,
  Know never more the day and night apart,
Know not where frost has laid his iron hand
  Save only that it fastens on my heart;
Save only that it grips with icy fire
  These veins no fire of hell could satiate;
Save only that it quenches this desire.
  Let me pass out beyond the city gate.

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

I SEE the centuries wax and wane,
  I know their mysteries of pain,
The secrets of the living fire,
The key of life: I live: I reign:
  For I am master of desire.

Silent, I pass amid the folk
Caught in its mesh, slaves to its yoke.
  Silent, unknown, I work and will
Redemption, godhead's master-stroke,
  And breaking of the wands of ill.

No man hath seen beneath my brows
Eternity's exultant house;
  No man hath noted in my brain
The knowledge of my mystic spouse.
  I watch the centuries wax and wane.

Poor, in the kingdom of strong gold,
My power is swift and uncontrolled.
  Simple, amid the maze of lies;
A child, among the cruel old,
  I plot their stealthy destinies.

So patient, in the breathless strife;
So silent, under scourge and knife;
  So tranquil, in the surge of things;
I bring them, from the well of Life,
  Love, from celestial water-springs.

From the shrill fountain-head of God
I draw out water with the rod
  Made luminous with light of power.
I seal each aeon's period,
  And wait the moment and the hour.

Aloof, alone, unloved, I stand
With love and worship in my hand.
  I commune with the Gods; I wait
Their summons, and I fire the brand.
  I speak their Word; and there is Fate.

I know no happiness, no pain,
No swift emotion, no disdain,
  No pity; but the boundless light
Of the Eternal Love, unslain,
  Flows through me to redeem the night.

Mine is a sad slow life; but I,
I would not gain release and die
  A moment ere my task be done.
To falter now were treachery—
  I should not dare to greet the sun!

Yet in one hour I dare not hope,
The mighty gate of Life may ope,
  And call me upwards to unite
(Even my soul within the scope)
  With That Unutterable Light.

Steady of purpose, girt with Truth,
I pass, in my eternal youth,
  And watch the centuries wax and wane;
Untouched by Time's corroding tooth,
  Silent, immortal, unprofane!

My empire changes not with time.
Men's kingdoms cadent as a rime
  Move me as waves that rise and fall.
They are the parts, that crash or climb;
  I only comprehend the All.

I sit as God must sit; I reign.
Redemption from the threads of pain
  I weave, until the veil be drawn.
I burn the chaff, I glean the grain;
  In silence I await the dawn.

SONG.

TO sea! To sea! The ship is trim;
  The breezes bend the sails.
They chant the necromantic hymn,
  Arouse Arabian tales.

To sea! Before us leap the waves;
  The wild white combers follow.
Invoke, ye melancholy slaves,
  The morning of Apollo!

There's phosphorescence in the wake,
  And starlight o'er the prow.
One comet, like an angry snake,
  Lifts up its hooded brow.

The black grows grey towards the East:
  A hint of silver glows.
Gods gather to the mystic feast
  On interlunar snows.

The moon is up full-orbed: she glides
  Striking a snaky ray
Across the black resounding tides,
  The sepulchre of day.

The moon is up: upon the prow
  We stand and watch the moon.
A star is lustred on your brow;
  Your lips begin a tune,

A long, low tune of love that swells
  Little by little, and lights
The overarching miracles
  Of Love's desire, and Night's.

It swells, it rolls to triumph-song
  Through luminous black skies:
Thrills into silence sharp and strong,
  Assumes its peace, and dies.

There is the night: it covers close
  The lilies folded fair
Of all your beauty, and the rose
  Half hidden in your hair.

There is the night: unseen I stand
  And look to seaward still:
We would not look upon the land
  Again, had I my will.

The ship is trim: to sea! to sea!
Take life in either hand,
Crush out its wine for you and me,
And drink, and understand.

IN MEMORIAM A. J. B.

THE life by angels' touch divinely lifted
From our dim space-bounds to a vaster sphere,
The spirit, through the vision of clouds rifted,
Soars quick and clear.

We know the dance that hails the golden pinions
The sun waves over an awakening earth;
We know the joy that floods the heart's dominions
At true love's birth.

Even so, the mists that roll o'er earth are riven,
The spirit flashes forth from mortal sight,
And, flaming through the viewless space, is given
A robe of light.

As when the conqueror Christ burst forth of prison
And triumph woke the thunder of the spheres,
So broke the soul, as newly re-arisen
Beyond the years.

Far above Space and Time that earth environ
With bands and bars we strive against in vain,
Far o'er the world, and all its triple iron
And brazen chain;

Far from the change that men call life; fled higher
Into the world immutable of sleep,
We see our loved one, and vain eyes desire
In vain to weep.

Woeful our gaze, if on lone Earth descendent,
To view the absence of yon flame afar—
Yet in the Heavens, anew, divine, resplendent,
Behold a star!

One light the less, that steady flamed and even
Amid the dusk of Earth's uncertain shore;
One light the less, but in Jehovah's Heaven
One star the more!

THE CHALLENGE.

NOW your grey eyes are filled with tears;
Your hands are trembling in my own;
The low voice falls upon my own ears,
An undulating monotone.
Your lips are gathered up to mine;
Your bosom heaves with fearful breath;

Your scent is keen as floral wine,
  Inviting me—and love—to death.
You, whom I kept a sacred shrine,
  Will fling the portals to the day;
Where shone the moon the sun shall shine,
  Silver in scarlet melt away.
There is yet a pang; they gave me this
  Who can; and you who could have failed?
Is it too late to extend the kiss?
  Too late the goddess be unveiled?
O but the generous flower that gives
  Her kisses to the violent sun,
Yet none the less in ardour lives
  An hour, and then her day is done.
Back from my lips, back from my breast!
  I hold you as I always will,
You unprofaned and uncaressed,
  Silent, majestical, and still.
Back! for I love you. Even yet
  Do you not see my deepest fire
Burn through the veils and coverings set
  By fatuous phantoms of desire?
Back! O I love you evermore.
  But, be our bed the bridal sky!
I love you, love you. Hither, shore
  Of far unstained eternity!
There will we rest. Beware! Beware!
For I am young, and you are fair.
Nay! I am old in this, you know!
Ah! heart of God! I love you so!

TWO HYMNS ON THE FEAST OF THE NATIVITY.

I.

THE cool December breezes
  Appease the glowing sun.
The agonies and eases
  Of all the year are done;
When eastward through the lampless night
There shone a strange and splendid sight.

The noise of pomp and battle
  Of Israel died away.
Amid the lowing cattle
  The Holy Mother lay,
While at her breast the Child Divine
Drank in the starry milk and wine.

Three magicians Chaldean
  Have bowed their royal knees
Before the Galilean,
  The God of stars and seas,
And tasted all the fervent grace
That shone from Mary's maiden face.

That star of resurrection
  Still stands above the night;
Its portent of perfection
  Shall bring us all to light;
And by the peace of Mary's prayers
Our rapture stands, exceeding theirs.

II.

The Virgin lies at Bethlehem.
(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)
The root of David shoots a stem.
(O Holy Spirit, shadow Her!)

She lies alone amid the kine.
(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)
The straw is fragrant as with wine.
(O Holy Spirit, shadow Her!)

There are three kings upon the road.
(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)
She hath thrice blessed the Name of God.
(O Holy Spirit, shadow Her!)

There stands her star above the sky.
(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)
She hath thrice blessed the Trinity.
(O Holy Spirit, shadow Her!)

Her joyful ardour hath sufficed.
(Bring gold and frankincense and myrrh!)
She is delivered of the Christ.
(The angels come to worship Her!)

AMEN.

THE PALACE OF THE WORLD.†

THE fragrant gateways of the Dawn
Teem with the scent of flowers.
The Mother, Midnight, has withdrawn
Her slumberous kissing hours;
Day springs, with footsteps as a fawn,
Into her rosy bowers.

The pale and holy maiden horn
In highest heaven is set.
My forehead, bathed in her forlorn
Light, with her lips is met:
My lips, that murmur in the morn,
With lustrous dew are wet.

My prayer is mighty with my will;
My purpose as a sword
Flames through the adamant, to fill
The gardens of the Lord
With music, that the air be still,
Dumb to its mighty chord.

I stand above the tides of time
And elemental strife:
My figure stands above, sublime,
Shadowing the Key of Life;
And the passion of my mighty rime
Divides me as a knife.

For secret symbols on my brow,
  And secret thoughts within,
Compel eternity to Now,
  Draw the Infinite within.
Light is extended. I and Thou
  Are as they had not been.

So on my head the light is one,
  Unity manifest;
A star more splendid than the sun
  Burns, for my crownèd crest:
Burns as the murmuring orison
  Of waters in the west.

What angel from the silver gate
  Flames to my fierier face?
What angel, as I contemplate
  The unsubstantial space,
Move with my lips the laws of Fate
  That bind earth's carapace?

No angel, but the very light
  And fire and spirit of Her,
Unmitigated, eremite,
  The unmanifested myrrh,
Ocean, and night that is not night,
  The mother-mediator.

O sacred spirit of the Gods!
  O triple tongue! descend;
Lapping the answering flame that nods,
  Kissing the brows that bend,
Uniting all earth's periods
  To one exalted end!

Still on the mystic Tree of Life
  My soul is crucified;
Still strikes the sacrificial knife
  Where lurks some serpent-eyed
Fear, passion, or man's deadly wife
  Desire, the suicide!

Before me dwells the Holy One
  Anointed Beauty's King;
Behind me, mightier than the Sun,
  To whom the cherubs sing,
A strong archangel, known of none,
  Comes crowned and conquering.

An angel stands on my right hand
  With strength of ocean's wrath;
Upon my left the fiery brand,
  Charioted fire, smites forth;
Four great archangels to withstand
  The furies of the path.

Flames on my front the fiery star,
  About me and around.
Pillared, the sacred sun, afar,
  Six symphonies of sound;
Flames, as the Gods themselves that are:
  Flames, in the abyss profound.

The spread arms drop like thunder! So
  Rings out the lordlier cry,
Vibrating through the streams that flow
  In ether to the sky,
The moving archipelago,
  Stars in their seigneury.

Thine be the kingdom! Thine the power!
  The glory triply thine!
Thine through Eternity's swift hour,
  Eternity, thy shrine—
Yea, by the holy lotos-flower,
  Even mine!

---

† This poem describes what happens when the student of ceremonial magic performs the 'lesser ritual of the pentagram.'

PERDURABO.

EXILE from humankind! The snow's fresh flakes
Are warmer than men's hearts. My mind is wrought
Into dark shapes of solitary thought
That loves and sympathizes, but awakes
No answering love or pity. What a pang
Hath this strange solitude to aggravate
The self-abasement and the blows of Fate!
No snake of hell hath so severe a fang!

I am not lower than all men—I feel
Too keenly. Yet my place is not above;
Though I have this—unalterable Love
In every fibre. I am crucified
Apart on a lone burning crag of steel.
Tortured, cast out; and yet—I shall abide.

NORMAN DAVEY.

THE SARGASSO SEA.

VAGUE, unascertained, untravelled, lies an ocean sea-weed ravelled—
No charts hold—or ever have held—where that deadly sea may lie;
But each day the sad wind sighs on ships, with men and merchandise on,
Fading from the far horizon, drifting, drifting down to die.

Ever drifting, fleeter, faster — drifting to untold disaster—
Bearing man and mate and master to irrevocable doom;
Far beyond the farthest traces left of men, to haunted places
Helpless in the cold embraces of the drift-weed's trailing bloom.

Far from where the dark Atlantic flings her rollers, corybantic,
Breaking in on some romantic, reef-ringed, royal, island home:
Far away from where terrific rolls the restless pale Pacific
Chiselling the hieroglyphic cliffs that front the Western foam.

Far from life and land, unnumbered ships—enmeshed
while sailors slumbered—
Glide in dripping weed encumbered to that magic,
tragic main:
While from out the sunset sheening, sounds a song
of bitter meaning,
Waking all the intervening oceans with its sad
refrain.

* * * * *

As your gallant ships go sailing—blocks acreaking,
log atrailing,
Can't you hear us wailing, wailing? Will you
never, never heed
Us, who lie with mate and man dead—sailless,
rudderless and stranded—
Ever firmly, foully banded, bound with bleak
Sargasso weed?

"Flound'ring in a foetid ocean—windless, tideless,
'reft of motion;—
Nightly—while a ghostly glow shone round the
drift-weeds filigree:
Daily—while the sun shone sickly through the mists,
that shrouded thickly
All those vessels rotting quickly in the foul,
Sargasso Sea.

"Oh! the putrid, poison-stenches from the blistered, blood-stained benches,
As the sun-ray warps and wrenches where the rotting planks recede;
And, where gaping wide each notch is, swiftly through the silent watches
In unsightly purple blotches creeps the cold Sargasso weed.

"Oh! the everlasting screaming of the carrion sea-birds teeming
Round about the wreckage—gleaming in the sunset galaxy;
Wheeling out in noisy batches from the crazy, gaping hatches
Over all the seed-weed patches staining the Sargasso Sea.

"Through the night the moonbeams flash on forms that rise in ghostly fashion,
Praying with unearthly passion to the Gods to intercede:
Raising in the moonlight glory faces, hideous and hoary;
Wailing the unchanging story over the Sargasso weed.

"Crying—'Oh! that we might spend less time in this grey ocean friendless,
Suffering in torment endless—doomed by a divine decree:
Damned, discredited and daunted—fever-ridden, devil-haunted—
By the screeching seagull taunted down the sad Sargasso Sea.

"Muttering and moaning ever dismal tales of lost endeavour,
Corpses we may not dissever all our shattered decks impede—
Staring skulls that shine and shimmer: ghastly skeletons that glimmer,
As the western sun sinks dimmer in the rank Sargasso weed.

"Lying in a grave unlettered, wailing what ye have not yet heard;
Wrecked and rotting, foul and fettered; we who once were fair and free;
Hope was long ago discarded: all our crews and captains are dead—
Sepulchred and see-weed guarded in the dark Sargasso Sea.

"As to port your ships are hieing—sails aflapping flags aflying—
Can't you hear us crying, crying? Will you never, never heed
Us, who lie in dim, enchanted oceans, still with hopes ungranted—
Everlastingly implanted in the dense Sargasso weed.

* * * * *

Far from where the coral island raises its palm-crested highland,
Gilded in the sunset's smile and silvered by the laughing stars:
Countless leagues beyond the graven, granite wharves of any haven—
Leagues beyond the careless, craven clamour of the gay bazaars.

Far beyond the sunset's lustre, where the clouds their legions muster—
In the slimy sea-weed cluster lie those vessels gaunt and grey:
Far from human touch or token: over songless seas unbroken—
Shattered wrecks with all their oaken bulwarks crumbling in decay.

And through all the Empyrean—over all the sapphire sea—an
Echo of that tearful paean wails its everlasting plea—
Ever calling, ever crying of those countless vessels lying,
Burdened with their dead and dying—prisoned in a pallid sea.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

TO A POET A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE.

I WHO am dead a thousand years,
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send you my words for messengers
The way I shall not pass along.

I care not if you bridge the seas,
Or ride secure the cruel sky,
Or build consummate palaces
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still
And statues and a bright-eyed love,
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,
And prayers to them who sit above?

How shall we conquer? Like a wind
That falls at eve, our fancies blow,
And old Maeonides the blind
Said it three thousand years ago.

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
  Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night, alone:
  I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,
  And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
  To greet you. You will understand.

TENEBRIS INTERLUCENTEM.

A LINNET who had lost her way
  Sang on a blackened bough in Hell,
  Till all the ghosts remembered well
The trees, the wind, the golden day.

At last they knew that they had died
  When they heard music in that land,
  And someone there stole forth a hand
To draw a brother to his side.

THE BALLAD OF CAMDEN TOWN.

I WALKED with Maisie long years back
The streets of Camden Town,
I splendid in my suit of black
And she divine in brown.

Hers was a proud and noble face,
A secret heart, and eyes
Like water in a lonely place
Beneath unclouded skies.

A bed, a chest, a faded mat
And broken chairs a few,
Were all we had to grace our flat
In Hazel Avenue.

But I could walk to Hampstead Heath
And crown her head with daisies,
And watch the streaming world beneath
And men with other Maisies.

When I was ill and she was pale
And empty stood our store,
She left the latchkey on its nail
And saw me never more.

Perhaps she cast herself away
  Lest both of us should drown:
Pérhaps she feared to die, as they
  Who die in Camden Town.

What came of her? The bitter nights
  Destroy the rose and lily,
And souls are lost among the lights
  Of painted Piccadilly.

What came of her? The river flows
  So deep and wide and stilly,
And waits to catch the fallen rose,
  And clasp the broken lily.

I dream she dwells in London still
  And breathes the evening air,
And often walk to Primrose Hill
  And hope to meet her there.

Once more together will we live,
  For I will find her yet:
I have so little to forgive;
  So much, I can't forget.

MARY MAGDALEN.

O EYES that strip the souls of men!
There came to me the Magdalen:
Her blue robe with a cord was bound,
Her hair with knotted ivy crowned.
"Arise," she said, "God calls for thee,
Turned to new paths thy feet must be.
Leave the fever and the feast,
Leave the friend thou lovest best;
For thou must walk in barefoot ways,
On hills, where God is near to praise.

Then answered I, "Sweet Magdalen,
God's servant, once beloved of men,
Why didst thou change old ways for new,
Thy trailing red for corded blue,
Roses for ivy on thy brow,
That splendour for this barren vow?"

Gentle of speech she answered me:—
"Sir, I was sick with revelry.
True, I have scarred the night with sin,
A pale and tawdry heroine;
But once I heard a voice that said
'Who lives in sin is like one dead,
But follow: thy dark eyes shall see
The towns of immortality!'"

"O Mary, not for this," I cried,
"Didst thou renounce thy scented pride.
Not for the roll of endless years
Or fields of Joy undewed by tears
Didst thou desert the courts of men.
Tell me thy truth, grave Magdalen!"

She trembled, and her eyes grew dim:—
"For love of Him, for love of Him."

I ROSE FROM DREAMLESS HOURS.

I ROSE from dreamless hours and sought the morn
That beat upon my window: from the sill
I watched sweet lands, where Autumn light new-born
Swayed through the trees and lingered on the hill.
If things so lovely are, why labour still
To dream of something more than this I see?
Do I remember tales of Galilee,
I who have slain my faith, and freed my will?
Let me forget dead faith, dead mystery,
Dead thoughts of things I cannot comprehend.
Enough the light mysterious in the tree,
Enough the friendship of my chosen friend.

YASMIN.

HOW splendid in the morning glows the lily: with what grace he throws
His supplication to the rose: do roses nod the head, Yasmin?

But when the silver dove descends I find the little flower of friends
Whose very name that sweetly ends I say when I have said, Yasmin.

The morning light is clear and cold: I dare not in that light behold
A whiter light, a deeper gold, a glory too far shed, Yasmin.

But when the deep red eye of day is level with the lone highway
And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I toward thy bed, Yasmin;

Or when the wind beneath the moon is drifting like a soul aswoon,
And harping Planets talk love's tune with milky wings outspread, Yasmin;

Give me thy love, O burning bright! For one night or the other night
Will come the Gardener in White and gathered flowers are dead, Yasmin!

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND.

At the Gate of the Sun, Bagdad, in olden time.

THE MERCHANTS (together)

AWAY, for we are ready to a man!
Our camels sniff the evening and are glad.
Lead on, O master of the Caravan:
Lead on the Merchant-Princes of Bagdad.

THE CHIEF DRAPER

Have we not Indian carpets dark as wine,
Turbans and sashes, gowns and bows and veils,
And broideries of intricate design,
And printed hangings in enormous bales?

THE CHIEF GROCER

We have rose-candy, we have spikenard,
Mastic and terebinth and oil and spice,
And such sweet jams meticulously jarred
As God's own Prophet eats in Paradise.

THE PRINCIPAL JEWS

And we have manuscripts in peacock styles
By Ali of Damascus; we have swords
Engraved with storks and apes and crocodiles,
And heavy beaten necklaces, for Lords.

THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

But you are nothing but a lot of Jews.

THE PRINCIPAL JEWS

Sir, even dogs have daylight, and we pay.

THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

But who are ye in rags and rotten shoes,
You dirty-bearded, blocking up the way?

THE PILGRIMS

We are the Pilgrims, master; we shall go
Always a little further: it may be
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,
Across that angry or that glimmering sea,

White on a throne or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born: but surely we are brave,
Who make the golden journey to Samarkand.

THE CHIEF MERCHANT

We gnaw the nail of hurry. Master, away!

ONE OF THE WOMEN

O turn your eyes to where your children stand.
Is not Bagdad the beautiful? O stay!

THE MERCHANTS (in chorus)

We take the Golden Road to Samarkand.

AN OLD MAN

Have you not girls and garlands in your homes,
  Eunuchs and Syrian boys at your command?
Seek not excess: God hateth him who roams!

THE MERCHANTS (in chorus)

We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

A PILGRIM WITH A BEAUTIFUL VOICE

Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells
  When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,
And softly through the silence beat the bells
  Along the golden road to Samarkand.

A MERCHANT

We travel not for trafficking alone:
  By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned:
For lust of knowing what should not be known
  We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

Open the gate, O watchman of the night!

THE WATCHMAN

Ho, travellers, I open. For what land
Leave you the dim-moon city of delight?

THE MERCHANTS (with a shout)

We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

[*The Caravan passes through the gate.*]

THE WATCHMAN (consoling the women)

What would ye, ladies? It was ever thus.
Men are unwise and curiously planned.

A WOMAN

They have their dreams, and do not think of us.

VOICES OF THE CARAVAN (in the distance, singing)

We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

OAK AND OLIVE.

I.

THOUGH I was born a Londoner,
And bred in Gloucestershire,
I walked in Hellas years ago
With friends in white attire:
And I remember how my soul
Drank wine as pure as fire.

And when I stand by Charing Cross
I can forget to hear
The crash of all the smoking wheels,
When those cold flutes and clear
Pipe with such fury down the street,
My hands grow moist with fear.

And there's a hall in Bloomsbury
No more I dare to tread,
For all the stone men shout at me,
And swear they are not dead;
And once I touched a broken girl
And knew that marble bled.

II.

But when I walk in Athens town
  That swims in dust and sun
Perverse, I think of London then
  Where God's brave work is done,
And with what sweep at Westminster
  The rayless waters run.

I ponder how from Attic seed
  There grew an English tree,
How Byron like his heroes fell,
  Fighting a country free,
And Swinburne took from Shelley's lips
  The kiss of Poetry.

And while our Poets chanted Pan
  Back to his pipes and power,
Great Verrall, bending at his desk,
  And searching hour on hour
Found out old gardens, where the wise
  May find a Spartan flower.

III.

When I go down the Gloucester lanes
  My friends are deaf and blind:
Fast as they turn their foolish eyes
  The Mænads leap behind,
And when I hear the fire-winged feet,
  They only hear the wind.

Have I not chased the fluting Pan
  Through Cranham's sober trees?
Have I not sat on Painswick Hill
  With a nymph upon my knees,
And she as rosy as the dawn,
  And naked as the breeze?

IV.

But when I lie in Grecian fields,
  Smothered in asphodel
Or climb the blue and barren hills,
  Or sing in woods that smell
With such hot spices of the South
  As mariners might sell—

Then my heart turns where no sun burns,
  To lands of glittering rain,
To fields beneath low-clouded skies
  New-widowed of their grain,
And Autumn leaves like blood and gold
  That strew a Gloucester lane.

V.

Oh well I know sweet Hellas now,
  And well I knew it then,
When I with starry lads walked out—
  But ah, for home again!
Was I not bred in Gloucestershire,
  One of the Englishmen!

DERMOT FREYER.

LOVE VIRGINAL.

Lines for Félicien Rops' "Le Bout du Sillon."

THE labour of the fields is hard:
Who would subdue the stubborn earth
Must first subdue himself; from birth
Of day till dark without reward

He must endure. Even as one
Of his own beasts he must become—
Dull-eyed, dark-featured, patient, dumb;
Strong simple servant of the sun.

For him the music of the wood
In May on heedless ears must fall;
On sightless eyes the carnival
Of summer over field and flood.

But when love comes! Ah, when love comes,
For him no fetters bid him stay,
No thorns of thought counsel delay
When pulses beat like battle drums.

For him it is the cry, the call
Of the great mother, merciless:
O Love! untamèd arbitress,
Full-blooded, pulsing, virginal!

CHRYSANTHEMUMS AT NIGHT.

LIKE balls of snow,
In the dark of the year
The white chrysanthemums
Appear.

Like balls of snow,
When the earth 's a-cold
The white chrysanthemums
Unfold.

Like balls of snow,
In a winter's morn
The white chrysanthemums
Are born.

Like balls of snow,
In the garden gloom
The white chysanthemums
Out-loom.

Like balls of snow,
From dusk till dawn,
Still as tapers they glow,
Flooding light on the lawn.

Like balls of snow
That in mid air hover,
The white chrysanthemums
Sway and recover.

Like balls of snow
Splashed on a wall,
The winds blow
And the white flake-petals fall.

Like balls of snow,
When the moon is out,
Dew-kissed, the white petals
Fling pale fires about.

All through the wild nights,
Like balls of snow,
The white chrysanthemums
Toss to and fro.

*THE BUCCANEER.

GIVE me the nectar of your lips,
The bales of splendour in your eyes,
And I will leave the deep-sea ships
Their meaner merchandise.

Give me the red gold of your hair,
The ivory of your white hands,
And I will sign a truce and swear
To pillage no man's lands.

Give me the tempests of your love,
The love-dark lightning of your smile,
And I will seek no treasure-trove
Buried in South Sea isle.

The high seas of your heart shall be
A new, more splendid Spanish Main;
Thereon will I set sail: for me
Not gold, but greater gain.

*WAR IN THE BALKANS.

ERE the snows lie sleek
On the moorland grasses
Grey guns shall speak
In the mountain passes.

Grey guns shall bay,
Grey clouds come over
Wild wood and way
Where the vultures hover.

And down in the plain,
Where the earth lies under
Vineyard and grain,
Grey guns shall thunder.

And many a lad—
Streets gay with bunting—
Shall go forth glad,
As a hound to the hunting.

Shall leave the land
And the plough-team's labour,
And take to his hand
White lance and sabre.

By the lonely lake,
  By the slopes of timber,
Rough roads shall quake
  To the guns in limber.

Ere the leaf shall fall,
  Ere the dark woods lighten,
At the red earth's call
  Brave bones shall whiten.

And many a lass
  Shall wait her lover,
Cold in the grass
  Where the vultures hover.

ARTHUR GRIMBLE.

*ATLANTIS.

IN dreams, my soul was backward drawn
A thousand thousand years to-night,
Back to the world's impulsive dawn
When first Atlantis knew the light.
Great Cities of the men of old,
I saw them all in fire of gold.

There, many a climbing minaret
Lay mirrored in the dreaming sea
With strangely precious carvings set
In chrysoprase and ebony,
And metals, wrought in fashions fair
Of filagree as light as air.

The streets were full of cheerful noise;
Princes and burghers passed me by,
And grave philosophers, and boys,
And maidens with reluctant eye.
And every robe was brightly kissed
With green, and gold, and amethyst.

Around the cities sacred groves,
Fulfilled of sunny pleasure, lay,
Soft with the rumour of the doves;
While sounds of singing far away
Told how the priests in ancient wise
Led heifers to the sacrifice.

It seemed there was no room for strife,
For all the world was glad with peace,
And beauty was at one with life
In harmony which could not cease.
So instant did contentment seem
I could not think it all a dream.

But ah, the joy my spirit won
Fled as the golden vision passed.
The children of my dream are gone:
A thousand ages hold them fast.
The continent that used to be
Is hidden in the purple sea.

*BIRTH.

SHE who gives birth in woe
Forgets her pain at morn,
Joyful to know
A man is born.

And all her senses sing
That from her blood and bone
New life should spring,
New, yet her own.

The poet, whose soul's unrest
Kills all his spirit's ease,
But yet is blest
With sweet increase.

Lifts up his voice, elate,
And carols blithe and free;
For to create
Is ecstasy.

Pain has but little worth
For those who travail long
To bring to birth
A son, a song.

H. L. HUBBARD.

*QUUM ESSEM INFANS, UT INFANS LOQUEBAR.

I FOUND a childish letter in a drawer,
  Laid up with care, and fading now with age.
I drew it out and read it through with awe,
  That unformed scribble on a yellow page.

It seemed so quaint to keep this letter there,
  Amongst those others in that treasure chest;
On childish sentences such tender care
  To lavish and bestow—it seemed a jest.

At length I turned the page, and then I saw
  The reason why 'twas kept till sad old age,
What made it seem a sacrament,—nay more,
  —A row of crosses drawn across the page.

ROBERT KEABLE.

*BENEDICTION.

LIKE the white shining of the Host
When held in folds of blue,
God lifts to-night the moon's pale ghost
To make old blessings new.

A thousand fire-flies star His way—
A thousand candle-lights;
Earth lit by other every day
Can light her Lord at nights.

Tall palms rear stately heads to grace
The coming of the King,
Incense to smoke before his face
A thousand flowers bring.

And all the world, as Eden was,
Is hushed in holy fear,
Only small creatures shrill because
God holds them very dear.

For earth's an altar; Golgotha
Forbids to flee the name;
And sad man wandering very far
Finds still the Cross the same.

*ST. PETER SPEAKS TO A LAD WHO VISITS HIM ON THE EVE OF MARTYRDOM.

AYE, lad! He crossed the court, and in His eyes
I read the certain knowledge of a man
Who looks on death and counts its agonies,
Yet garners slow and sure as for a prize.

I looked—belike you scarcely can believe!—
And saw the bound and blood-stained hands, the Face
Part bruised, all shamed by that it did receive,
And yet, so fierce was I, forebore to grieve.

I did expect a King (I saw a slave!)
A kingdom ushered with the trump of God;
And this the thronement that His subjects gave—
A brutal hustling to a certain grave!

I looked, and looking could have cursed the more,
But in a moment, lad, He looked on me;
And I was stricken; sought half-blind the door;
Sobb'd that I had not seen the half before . . .

Whose curses, think you, had He heard that day?
Whose hands had beaten in upon His Face?
The Romans? Jews? Dull, blind, and ignorant they!
He saw no traitor till He looked my way.

But in the dark harsh night beyond the gate
Wherein He went alone and dumb to doom,
My soul went down to hell and read its fate,
And rose again to serve Him, and to wait.

I knew His weakness called me to be strong;
I knew that I must travel where He trod;
And that, although the path be hard and long,
His eyes would pierce me yet, alive with song.

It has been so: and never did I doubt
His word that lakeside morning by the fire;
First battle; then the song of them that shout!
. . . . .
Go quickly, lad; they come to lead me out.

*I HAVE A HOPE.

I HAVE a hope of deep-set woods
Where brown curled beech leaves strew the ground,
And silk-haired primrose leaves around
Make way for buds in fair green hoods;
And where the small dog-violets try
To hide ashamed from passers by.

I have a hope of free wide braes
Swept keenly by sea-scented winds,
Where, brave and tossed, one often finds
Sea pinks; where gulls upon their ways
Go crying in the vault above
That there's no quest like that of Love.

I have a hope that I may sit
Some distant June, where, slow and clear,
Wide-bosomed waters steal between
The pollen'd rushes, sunshine lit;
And down the air beneath the trees
Comes fragrantly the hum of bees.

But most I look these tropic days,
For flickering flames on ruddy walls,
On books in ancient oaken stalls,
And those few prints I fain would praise;
Where cushioned low before the fire
Perhaps may be my heart's desire.

G. LEATHEM.

A FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S ON THE BEAUTY OF MATHEMATICS.

(From the "Don").

"CAMBRIDGE indeed is beautiful," he said,
"And only those who live here all their lives
Passing their days in quiet harmony
With the old walls, can know its charm to the full.
And is it chance that mathematics here
Has found its chiefest home? From Newton down,
Our greatest have preferred old x and y
To the haunting music of Euripedes.
Who live mid beauty, still must beauty seek.
And Mathematics just for beauty's sake
We follow."
"Come, you surely jest!" I cried.
"A humble aid to physics perhaps, it is,
A help to many, a great discovery
That gives material blessings to mankind"—
"Bother mankind!" he interrupted me.
"Art for art's sake! and if it's useful too
So much the worse! The sculptor shows his soul
In marble; the musician uses sound;
The poet soars in rhythmic line, and I
In Mathematics—beauties votaries all
Each art has its tongue,
A tongue no human words can teach, but which

The inner soul may learn. I cannot put
The beauty of my art into mere words;
In picture or in music set it forth;
I may suggest and lighten—that is all.
Before the poet's eye there ever floats
A vision of a Land of Heart's Desire—
Utopia, Atlantis, Tir-nam-Og,
Call it what name you will—where one escapes
The ugliness and sordidness of life.
In mathematics I have found a land
Which jealousy and meanness cannot reach;
A land of ample sweep and vast expanse;
Lifeless and cold indeed, but beautiful
With the calm beauty of the Buddhist's heaven."
And then he spoke of strength,
Of the keen sense of power in Rodin's work
Which furnished half the greatness of his art.
And of the strength the mathematician had;
How with those subtle arms *dx*, *dy*
He reached the hidden citadels of truth.
And how he went exploring in his world
Of space and number, groping in the dark,
Finding the pathways blocked on every side,
Till some great thought arising as a sun,
Would drive the mists away and show in front
The radiant living mountains of new truth.
I know not if I understood aright
His meaning, but I saw upon his face
The rapture of a visionary inspired.
And as I went from out the ancient gate,

Beneath the Tudor roses, those old words,
"Beauty is truth, and truth beauty," all at once
Came with a fuller meaning to my mind,
"Truly," I thought, "These dons who follow truth
In desolate regions, lifeless, rugged, bare,
All follow beauty too—the only prize
Worth questing in this sorry world of ours."

G. H. LUCE.

THE SUMMER CLOUD.

CLIMB, cloud, and pencil all the blue
With your miraculous stockade;
The earth will have her joy of you
And limn your beauty till it fade.

Puzzle the cattle at the grass
And paint your pleasure on their flanks;
Shoot, as the ripe cornfield you pass,
A shudder down those golden ranks.

On wall and window slant your hand
And sidle up the garden stair;
Cherish each flower in all the land
With soft encroachments of cool air.

Lay your long fingers on the sea
And shake your shadow at the sun,
Darkly reminding him that he
Relieve you when your work is done.

Rally your wizardries, and wake
A noonday panic cold and rude,
Till 'neath the ferns the drowsy snake
Is conscious of his solitude.

Then as your sorcery declines
Elaborate your pomp the more,
So shall your gorgeous new designs
Crown your beneficence before.

Your silver hinges now revolve,
  Your snowy citadels unfold,
And, lest their pride too soon dissolve,
  Buckle them with a belt of gold.

O sprawling domes, O tottering towers,
  O frail steel tissue of the sun—
What! Have ye numbered all your hours
  And is your empire all foredone?

ON AN AMORPHOUS BLUE VASE, WITH FLOWERS, ETC., ON IT.

A PORCELAIN sky—
  And even the winds are blue with thunder;
And the high shadows nerve themselves in wonder
Whether they float or fly.

What sea-swept star,
  What planet, torn but insolent,
  Has built those moonlight sunflowers dominant
O'er waste worlds wide and far?

A Polar plain
  Doleful with crisp encrusted snows,
  Where if a morsel melt, a twinkle shows
It straight is ice again.

Those hoops of steel
  That gird and grapple mackerel skies,
  Which, as the outer impulse heaves and sighs,
Swell and recoil and reel,—

Those gorgeous bars
  Have warped at last their brittle skein;
  And from the rifted estuaries of rain
And threshold of the stars,

Deathless and stark
  And riveted with trenchant dew,
  Blossoms the flowery armour of the blue
Beleaguering the dark.

H. O. MEREDITH.

THE MOTOR BUS.

HOW did we meet, my love and I,
We two so bound together,
Blent as are blended moor and sky,
Blue mist and purple heather?

Of thousand thousand women one,
One of a million men,
We nothing did till all was done;
It happened there and then!

The plunging motor-bus along
The worn macadam rocked,
Top-hampered by the weary throng
That home to dulness flocked.

Wet waterproof, rain-beaded fur,
Soaked leather, steam and drip!
And under us the swishing whirr
Of wheels that hardly grip.

The stem, the leaf, the flower of love
Grew swift about our seat,
And we forgot the cloud above;
The coldness of our feet.

But who it was had sowed the seed,
Who made it blossom, who
Taught each of us the other's need—
I know no more than you.

THE AGES OF MAN.

WE children in our crowded home
Had little food to eat,
Our breeding was the right to roam
And scavenge in the street;
My brothers died, my sister died,
And I grew all accurst,
With pigeon breast, with surly pride,
With hunger and with thirst.

When I was twenty years of age
I earned my pound a week,
I ate and drank the princely wage
And almost I grew sleek:
And then I married me a wife
Who made ten shillings more;
So rich we were we thought that life
Was easy for the poor.

It couldn't last: I loved the girl
  And madly she loved me—
We hardly heard the current swirl
  That bore us out to sea.
Eight bouncing children tumbled in,
  And though we overlaid
One, and another died of gin,
  Too many with us stayed.

I've often thought that it would beat
  The man who tried to tell
(Even if he had felt) the heat
  And hungriness of hell:
But even in hell there is no pain
  Such as is known on earth,
To parents who a child have slain
  Before or after birth.

The devil doesn't know the cramp
  That settles round the heart,
When yesterday was a hopeless tramp
  For work, and it's time to start;
In morning fog, or morning sun,
  You wake the silent street,
And a crust of bread or stony bun
  Is all you have to eat.

We lived and watched the children grow
With vermin in their hair,
With hollow cheeks, with foreheads low,
With eyes that looked despair;
One after one they learned at school
That honesty will pay;
One after one they found the rule
Broken upon life's way.

And now they brought their shillings back,
Their shillings five or seven,
And hope once more had found a crack
To shine on us from Heaven.
Our spending grew and counted up
To two pounds ten a week;
Each body had daily bite and sup,
And each grew almost sleek.

It couldn't last, the children moved
And made their scattered beds,
Their mother died and I had proved
Too hard my vigour's threads.
With hair gone grey and muscle stiff,
Eye dim and hearing slow,
I stand at fifty on the cliff
And feel the surf below.

I haven't what would buy a meal
  To feed a starving louse;
And I must beg, or I must steal,
  Or moulder in the House.
Will any kindly clergyman
  Explain the reason why
God set me here to mar His plan
  Of earth and sea and sky?

*"THERE IS A CHAOS THRONED ABOVE THE THRONE."

I.

LAST night the God of bitter dread
  Who shadowed my forgotten years,
The God I struck and left for dead
  When hate had grown above my fears,

Came drifting back from farthest space,
  From ghosts of gods and ghosts of men,
And found me in the haunted place
  Where he and I were lonely then.

So small and weak he looked to me
  I said: "Is this the God I knew?
Is this the ancient enemy
  Whose car the imps of horror drew?

The eyes are dim that were so keen
  And sunken pale are cheek and brow;
How should such difference grow between
  The God of then, the ghost of now?"

And straight his shrunken lips began
  To pipe shrill words he might not speak
"Oh master, oh my master, man,
  Thou art so strong: I am so weak!

I wander naked, cold, and blind;
  Leave me no longer in the night:
Pity the creature of thy mind:
  Give back the warmth, give back the light.

A thousand, thousand years of time
  I drank men's blood, I drew their thought:
Dwelt in an ecstasy sublime,
  And what I would superbly wrought.

And man that made me, weeting not
  The thing he fashioned did believe
Himself the creature, his the lot
  And mine the power his lot to give.

Give back the genial warmth once more
  Of living blood from living veins,
The incomparable light restore
  The living thought of living brains."

I took the dead god by the hand,
  I filled his nostrils with my breath,
I watched the sunken face expand,
  I watched the life creep back from death,

I made him lord of earth and men
  And ruler over sea and air,
Within my heart I loosed again
  The faint and frozen springs of prayer.

II.

Now as God waxed so I did wane,
  For through the dim millennial years
Back to the utter source of pain
  He bore me surfeited with tears.

Swift from the present, back through time,
  Swifter than spears the keen sun throws,
He bore and set me in the slime
  Where our first father-man arose.

A hairy beast, with furtive eye,
  And hunger for a sense of good,
Fulfilled of lust and terror, I
  Crept from the sea towards the wood,

First man creating his first God
  In his own image dimly known,
More treacherous than the quaking sod,
  And harder hearted than the stone!

Tiger and snake who hunted me,
  The thunder crash, the swollen stream,
I worshipped—wanton cruelty,
  Mad perils of a maniac dream.

I peopled earth a new found hell
  With the new devil of my soul,
That thought might find a place to dwell
  And the dire chaos seem a whole.

For strange I saw my first sun rise
  And felt his warmth upon my flesh
And screaming, with distorted eyes
  Fled from the dancing shadow-mesh;

And strange the spinning river whirled
  Past stone and tree which had no feet,
And in my misbegotten world
  A Devil-god was good to meet.

I found a stone my limbs to wound,
  'Twas joy to watch the gushing blood,
To know God drink it in the ground
  And thunder forth his thanks for food.

And God, the creature of my brain,
  Still went before me sowing seed
Of unimagined lust and pain,
  The thought before the accomplished deed.

III.

But the dim process of the years,
  Hidden behind my impulses,
Distilled an antidote for fears
  Sweeter than honey of upland bees.

The sun that went yet still returned
  Nor ever faltered on his race,
The moon that on her errand burned
  And stars a-dance in the halls of space.

The plant that flowered and yearly fell,
  All things that went and came in dust,
River and sea, contrived a spell
  To choke the strength of pain and lust.

Till memory rounded life to a whole,
  And fear expanding grew to awe,
And in a universal soul
  I dreamed a universal law.

IV.

Then in my heart it seemed that God
  Stooped from his heaven and smiled on me,
A patron with a kingly nod
  To greet his slaves aspirancy!

And the dim waves of surging thought
  Seemed to take substance by his grace,
As when a sculptor who has wrought
  His passion into a marble face,

All his imagination feeds
  From contours moulded by his skill,
And the reflected glow exceeds
  The parent spark of mind and will.

V.

Once more all earth and heaven were strange,
  Strange to the sea the river flowed;
But not as on that primal change,
  When panic launched a quivering goad,

And pricked each naked newborn sense,
  And drove me with the flail of fear
Out of the wastes of impotence
  To build foul temples of despair.

I cried in ecstasy " Rejoice,
  Ye daughters and ye sons of men,
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
  Do ye not hear the measured strain,

That penetrates and interweaves
  Sand of the sea and earthy clod,
Which fruit and flower, grass and leaves
  Pour forth unceasingly to God?

The hills are ordered in due ranks,
  The stars depart not from their course,
The mighty rivers keep their banks
  Strength of the land and ocean-force

Swing to each other equipoised,
  The space each yields to each restored,
Hear ye not in their margins noised
  The rhythmic praises of the Lord?

All beasts that grow from dust at last
  Give back to dust the growth they got,
Yet gender ere their time be past
  Seed of their kind that faileth not;

And man who ponders, who repeats
  Songs which the mind of God rehearse,
Sprung from the dust in death completes
  The balance of the Universe.

How should the world or sea or land
  The senseless grass, the unthinking beast,
Reach up to God? How understand
  What links the greatest with the least?

Or how should God, who throws afar
  Time's weft across the warp of space,
Who communes not with any star,
  Nor the sun's radiance finds his face,

Stoop and observe a spinning ball
  His hand in one slight moment twirled,
Half idly sundering from the All
  That last least particle, the world?

Man's flesh is rooted in the ground,
  Whose mind, yet, reaching up the sky
Far beyond scope of light or sound
  Commerces with infinity.

Child of the earth, man loves the womb
  That bore, the breasts that gave him food:
Nor all too much resents the doom
  Which brings to dust earth's myriad brood.

Yet child of God, man greatly shares
  Each thought each passion of his sire,
And all the brash of earthly cares
  Consumes in elemental fire.

So earth and God, man's parents twain,
  Of diverse nature intertwined,
In flesh of man, and in man's brain
  Symbol of mystic wedlock find.

Earth for the service of her King
  Does on a radiant purity,
Deep to her centre passioning
  Mother and nurse of man to be,

And all the soul of God is great
  With transport unimaginable,
He thrills, he trembles, to create
  Man that has mind to praise him well."

VI.

"There is a chaos throned above the throne
  Law is the servant of no destiny:
Law is a shadow thrown
  From shapes of things by fires of Anarchy.
Formless are the fires, unconfined,
Neither obedient to their own desires
  Nor serving other mind.
They are and are not; neither live nor die;
  Nor quicken, nor consume truth or lie:
  All things reveal them, nothing can illume."
So spake the voice on a night,

When the deep vault of heaven opened far
Reaches of space from star to star,
And I had flung my sight
Beyond all barrier of the azure haze,
The garment of the days,
Which the sun weaves of shattered light and air—
The sun deceives,
Darkness alone all secrets doth declare.

Not when the heart is glad and swells with loud
Paean of youth,
Or triumph of maturer years,
Can it draw near to knowledge. Tears
And sorrow, sorrow, are the soul of truth.
Not because all is sadness
Inevitably: the joys that do obscure
Are no less real
Than sorrows which reveal;
But joy the spendthrift reckons not in pence
The things that make his gladness,
But grief a strict accountant will commence
To tell base coin from the pure.
Has any man a friend
Crowned with delight and full prosperity,
Who walk together seeming whole
And interweave caressing arms?
Let these not boast communion of soul
Till fate her message send
Ultimate doom, or terrible alarms,
And set them naked each in the other's eye,

And all their secrets tell.
Friendship of delight is dear
But ever questionable;
Sorrow alone can fix love over fear,
Throned upon certainty, all doubts removed.
Even so 'tis nothing God to have proved
Mid colours of the day,
Nothing to find his footsteps in the stars:
For these are bright,
Filling our soul with vintage of delight,
Poured from inexhaustible jars
Quenching dismay.
But if man found him in the infinity
Beyond the infinities of time and place,
The space that is no space,
The time that is no time,
A Law where Law is not—
That were a God of certainty,
To make each particle of being chime
Accordant with its lot.
Searching the outer gloom
No God I saw;
Only the shadows of my hopes and fears,
Imaginary triumph, fancied doom,
No higher law
Determining the room of space,
Ranging the years,
Preordaining time and place.
Again, again the words
Pierced to my brain like swords:

"There is a chaos throned above the throne,
Law is the servant of no destiny:
Law is a shadow thrown
From shapes of things by fires of Anarchy.
Formless are the fires, unconfined,
Neither obedient to their own desires,
Nor serving other mind.
They are and are not, neither live nor die;
Nor quicken, nor consume truth or lie:
All things reveal them, nothing can illume."

CONSTANTINE MICHAELIDES.

*THE RED ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY.

RED Admiral, Red Admiral
On what seas do you roam?
What are your flagship's colours,
And what place is your home?

Your sails are spell and magic
Of black blotched upon red,
Your wing's shape is fantastic
And witchly strange your head.

Is your land among orchids
Where strange petals ensnare?
Are your dominions hundreds
Which no adventurers dare?

Is your sea in the air light?
Your colours are they rays?
Your sailors girt for flower fight?
Your shoals a flowery maze?

Your masts are they the grass heads?
Your guns are they the boom
Of insects in the marsh beds
Where day light wars with gloom?

Are you the toy of air light?
  Have you no helm to steer?
A derelict each air sprite
  To every wind can veer?

Can your guns slay no slayer?
  Your sailors hoist no sail?
Have you no magic sayer
  To conjure up a gale?

Is the orchid flower your magnet?
  The waving grass your rope?
Is fickleness your signet?
  Your only harbour Hope?

Oh Admiral, Red Admiral,
  On what sea do you sail?
What wind doth strain your creaking masts?
  And whither drives the gale?

*THE FOREST OF MASSACHUSETTS BEFORE THE COMING OF THE ENGLISH.

THE agelong rest of trees swept wide and far
Upon the breast of the unwakened earth,
The silent forest spoke in changeless tongues
The mystic speech of things as yet unborn,
Wild roared and broke the sea upon the coast
Wearing the aging patience of the rocks;
And out upon her never sail was seen
To break the flowing pageant of the hours;
The rivers wound unfettered through the plains
And told the listless listening forests tales
Of far-off mountains, and the pathless sea
Where footsteps live only in the dreams of men.
At dawn the sun called forth the hosts of leaves
Marshalled to hail him in bright green and gold,
Paling before him in the light of noon,
Rich-clad in evening, as though each still leaf
Spoke strange dreams to the sky and setting sun
In speech to men and beasts inscrutable.
Then night, hushing the day, brought them to sleep,
And, haunted, woke the phantoms of still shapes
Tossing their muted shadows 'gainst the sky
In wild-haired phantasy of plaint unseen.
Mighty and stern the earthborn trunks beneath
Bore up the mystic splendour of the leaves.
Those trunks stood wrinkled with a thousand years
And stern to seers as sailless masts in gales,

Yet light as maidens in a flower-starred-dell
They plunged their gnarled hands in the moss-hushed
earth
And spread their branches each to each in dance
As of a host enchanted, seeming still
To taunt with strange expectancy of life
And foil with runic mystery of trees.
Wild beasts fled to the forest glades, whose peace
Seemed as a haven on a cliff-bound coast,
Smiling a sunlit smile within the rift
Of sombre leaf-surged beeches, or of pines
Stern-trunked and straight as spears of ancient work,
Sky-piercing, grown to trees by long disuse.
And trunks half-fallen told in deathless speech
The tale of lightning, ev'n as riven scars
Upon the face of warriors grim and old
Tell tales of fierce blows given in ancient wars.
And, by their side shimmering their silken leaves,
The birches smiled in founts of laughing light,
Whispering to winds who caught them in their arms
Then fled, because they never would be wooed,
But still beloved, still smiled a virgin smile
Most lovable when most unwon; and aspens
Pretending grief, still trembled in the wind,
Slavishly wooing the calm lofty beech
Or weeping to the maples silence-clumped.
The sunshafts laughed to pierce the guarded beech,
Glistening past depths of proudly outstretched oaks
Upon the nameless thickets, sons of trees,
Or bastards choking the still-teeming earth,

Nightshade and poisoned ivy, hemlock, vines
Luring the hungry with bright deadly fruit,
Like poisoned snakes mocking the shapes of plants.
And birds flew then like living things of light,
Knowing at worst the arrow swift and free;
Their voices and the chirp of cicadae
Seemed then the chain of an unending song
That interlaced the woods and crowned its dells
With living coruscations of sweet sound.
The magic motions of the forest then
Spanned the free arches of a simple age
When man was part of nature and his work
Seemed but a slighter fashioning of her own.
As once did sleep the present, sleeps the past:
Who knows whether the same still sentinels of trees
Await not in some nether depth of time
The reinsurgence of their reign of sleep,
When men shall hail them once again with joy
A new land watching o'er the unknown sea.

*TO MY FATHER.

(Αργύρης Εφταλιώτης *author of* Νησιώτικες Ιστορίες [*Tales from the Isles of Greece*], *etc., etc.*)

THE haunted image-bearing minds of men
Born in these northern spheres,
Are blinded by the crowding of things dreamed
Upon things seen. To us
Thought sinks not mistless on the shapes of things,
Clear as the day; but harsh
And driven to boldness in the city-night,
Straining beyond herself
She makes strange dreams of her bewilderment.
Of such race are you not;
For you, untripped by unseen snares, in light
Can see the simple truth
As it has been through centuries in those isles
Which neither live nor die
But are immortal. The refrains of love
And death and tragedy
Seem sad by very changelessness. The world
In the forthflow of time
So new, is yet so hopeless and so old,
That every tear we shed
Is but a repetition of those tears
Which perhaps Sappho shed.
The same chant murmurs in the ageless sea
As Homer turned to words,

And we who live in the loud age of steam
  Are but the children still
Of those who ploughed the earth with wooden share
  And ground the sunburnt grain
With their own hand, or fought with simple
  Sword and shield. The din of men
Who march, the vanguard of mankind to-day,
  Is far from you; your home
Is left untortured by the strife of souls
  A strife religion-born,
For that blind change which we salute in faith
  As progress. Overbold
Dictating wisdom to a silent God
  We grasp the wrist of Fate
Immovable, and hearken not her voice
  Save in our own. But you
Stand in the quiet of unchanging light
  And listen to the truth.

CHRISTMAS.

Morning.

THE light was grey
When shrill cocks crew—
They knew that day
Was peering through
Her mantle dim, her mantle blue,
And heard her say:
"O dear world, help me to count less
This once, the feet that stray,
The hands that do not bless—
That men forever may
Feel my caress."

Afternoon.

WE cannot, like the wise men three,
Journey away to seek and see,
But we can keep with feast and mirth
The winter blossoming of earth;
Nor shut our doors, for we may then
Shut out the travelling Wise Men,
Who always tread the mazy way
Age after age, upon this day,
Singing the carol of the star.
Their looks are bright. "Follow!" they say
"Hand in hand from near and far,"
And as we, brothers that we are,
Shake our heads and turn away—
Wonderful! oracular!
We see in mother-eyes the Ray.

Evening.

'TIS clear and cold
This Christmas night
With snows that linger,
And the great moon
In her praise-light
Like jewel worn on God's ring-finger
Is blurréd, as the church-bell rings,
By the young angels' wings.

THE SWAN.

THE other lights, the other trees,
The other houses hung in the pool
Are his: he is the lord of these.
It is a kingdom deep and cool.

Preoccupied and white as dreams,
He bends his head, watching his own,
His still dominions. Brawling streams
Could never make for him a throne.

He knows it not, it knows him not,
This other world hung in the pool—
Possession is his lonely lot,
Lord of a kingdom deep and cool.

HAROLD MONRO.

AN IMPRESSION.

SHE wakes at sunrise on her little bed,
Knits her white hands together round her knee,
Shakes back her tangled hair, lifts up her head,
And gazes through the casement at the sea.

Full-winged the lovely thoughts begin to glide
Across the calm blue surface of her eyes.
The windows of her soul are open wide
Toward the morning and the summer skies.

Emerging from the portal of the night,
She lingers with one foot upon the way,
Then springs, a sudden vision of delight,
Swift, with her arms outstretched, to meet the day.

GOD.

Characters.

JOHN, a Wanderer.
JOSCELYN, an Innkeeper.
HENRY, a Farmer.
CASPAR, a Sailor.
ANDREA, a Soldier.
DIVES, a Merchant.
LAZARUS, a Beggar.
LAZARILLO, a Thief.
PROUT, a Judge.
INNOCENT, a Catholic Priest.
CAUSTIC, a Doctor of Medicine.
JOSEPH, a Minister.
GEOFFREY, a Poet.
BERNARDO, a Philosopher.

Scene: Outside Joscelyn's inn on the high-road near a city. Tables and benches. Joscelyn is standing in the doorway. John approaches feebly along the road, and sinks down on one of the benches.

John. I faint. I can go no further. May I rest?
Joscelyn. God! you are pale. Here's liquor. Drink! You'll die.
John. Alas, I weary of my fruitless quest.
Joscelyn. Your quest! What are you seeking?—Where, and why?

John. What am I seeking? What! I cannot tell;
And out of that proceedeth all my pain.
Where! Say, where shall I seek? Where does He
dwell?
Why!—Often have I asked myself in vain.
Sir, I have wandered fifty years, have seen
Him worshipped in the churches of all lands,
Intently asked wherever I have been:
"Who—What is He?" But no one understands.
I have sought Him among men, and in the mart;
I have sought Him in the sweet and open field;
I have sought Him in the stillness of my heart—
But never found Him anywhere revealed.
I sailed upon the strong and fragrant sea;
I fought His ancient worship to defend;
I lived five years an eremite—but He
Was only more mysterious at the end.
Often when I would linger all the night
To meditate the universal doom,
Suddenly, in a fever of delight,
I would seem to feel His presence in the gloom.
But it was fancy: for when daylight broke,
And rapturously I called upon His name,
He was not there, He neither heard nor spoke;
Nor have I ever felt Him twice the same.
Does He exist?—Sometimes when earth calls:
"Nay!"
A voice replies from Heaven: "Hast thou forgot?"
Or sometimes when the world has shouted: "Yea!"
Then He Himself has murmured: "I am *not*."

Oh, if there be no God, by whom and why
Was Consciousness erected from the sod?
Though I hate life, I swear I will not die
Until I have discovered—Who is God?

Joscelyn. By God, I cannot tell you. If your tale
Be true, 'tis strange and terrible indeed.
My only business is to sell my ale——

John. Have you no Church and no religious Creed?

Joscelyn. Church! On the sabbath, surely. In the week
I earn my bread. God knows, I cannot spare
An hour ——

John (looking up the road). Ah, who is this? I'll make him speak!

Joscelyn. 'Tis Farmer Henry coming from the fair.
See, man! To help you, this is what I'll do—
You're lame and dreary, but I like you well;
So you shall make my clients' answer you;
'Tis fair-day: surely one of them will tell,
For ale puts thundering wisdom in a man.
There'll be a score at least—and if they fail,
By Jesus, more and more I like the plan:
In seeking God they'll drink a butt of ale.

[*Henry enters.*

Good morning, Henry. Here's a man has trod
Some fifty years upon a fruitless quest
Of God. He cannot find Him.

Henry. Not find God!
Damn it! Draw me a gallon of your best!—

God is the Truth, and, if you doubt it, look
Into the pages of His sacred book.
John. I have read that through and through—
Henry. Read once again!
God makes His meaning absolutely plain.
He demonstrates that, when the world began,
He made a solemn covenant with man;
Tells how, and where the fatal tree was set
In Eden; furthermore, how woman ate;
Yea, how Eve tempted Adam and he fell,
Necessitating everlasting *Hell.*
Praise be to Him whose wisdom could invent
That final word to every argument!
Thou hast the Light—Join therefore the Elect.
Avoid His anger, or thou mayest expect
Damnation. For the Lord will never break
His covenant. His honour is at stake.
[*Caspar enters from the inn, tankard in hand.*
Swift is His vengeance, terrible His rod.
Caspar, bear witness!—Who is God?
Caspar. God? God!
His rod is feeble and His vengeance slow.
God! What a thing to ask! Why bother me?
I've drunk a bit—that's all I seem to know.
Yet sometimes I have wondered—Who is He?
The everchanging wind and dreamy tide
Rule Ocean; that at any rate is sure.
Make them your gods and you shall learn to ride
Upon the veriest typhoon secure.
Yet in the tropics, when the heavens melt

Like wax upon the water; in all deep
Unholy stagnant calm, I seem to have felt
Him like a presence heavily asleep.
To me He slumbers without scheme or form,
Unheedingly and indolently calm:
He never raised a wind, or quelled a storm,
Or saved a shipwrecked mariner from harm.
We go our ways. He sleeps; I sail the sea:
I never heard His voice however dim.
If He exists, He never thinks of me,
And so I scarcely ever think of Him.
Of what avail to worship Him and sue,
As men are wont in every land I've trod;
He cannot hear— [*Andrea enters.*
Ah, comrade, what say you?

Henry. Aye, thou hast fought His battles—

John. Who is God?

Andrea. God is all action. It is He who cares
For each man singly when the battle rolls.
He loves us so He even counts our hairs.
He keeps a special record of our souls.
He guards the nations in adversity;
He sends them forth on their appointed ways.
Fear Him! He is the Lord of Hosts—and He
Listens whenever anybody prays.
He never sleeps, but watches day and night;
God is the God of thunder, not of thought:
[*Dives enters.*
He draws His sword in every righteous fight—

Dives. Who?

John. God.
Henry. The righteous God—
Dives. God never fought!
Joscelyn. Hail, good and learned Dives. Tell us then—
Andrea. Aye, what know you of Him?
Dives. When battles cease
He moves among the busy marts of men,
Revealed in trade, prosperity and peace.
When I was young I put my faith in war,
And felt Him stir like battle in my heart;
But manhood brought me wisdom and I saw
God in the subtle contest of the mart.
He loves the man of square and stubborn power,
Who bides in concentrated watchfulness
The perfect moment of the perfect hour,
And wears the courage of his own success.
'Twas He exalted me to where I stand;
I owe my wealth to Him, and without shame,
Have therefore always followed His command,
And every sabbath glorified His Name.
He will not scrutinize, nor question why;
But trust my general plan. If He, anew,
Perchance may need to fight, utility,
Not glory, will incite Him thereunto.
Lo, in His service all my life is spent
Creating righteous labour, which is bread:
[*Lazarus enters.*
He loves me well, and I am confident
He will receive my soul when I am dead.

Lazarus. Thy soul!
Joscelyn. 'Tis Lazarus.
Lazarus. Dives, thou hast none.
God knows thee not. I speak in no extreme:
The rich have forfeited their souls—not one
Can enter Heaven. Do not thou blaspheme!
Men praise the rich: once I was one of those.
But, now I know the restfulness of dearth,
I would not sacrifice my tattered clothes
For all the gathered fortunes of the earth.
[*Lazarillo appears.*
God is not found in strife, nor in the mart;
He is not on the land nor in the sea,
But deep in the recesses of the heart:
He dwells in Jesus—Jesus dwells in me.
Christ is the holy pattern and the way;
He is the everlasting inner light:
Oh, wonderful His guidance in the day,
And beautiful His presence in the night.
Lazarillo. The night?
Lazarus. The night!—Unmindful of the rich,
He dwells within the bosom of the poor,
Comforting them in darkness—
Lazarillo. All of which
I often heard, far better said, before.
Thy tattered raiment, and thy Christ Within
Proceed from fear—if thou wouldst but confess.
Thy God is but thy one besetting sin—
Innate, unconquerable laziness.
I, who love all adventure, and the play

Of full strong blood in subtlety and strife,
Hate the stark, plain, and unadventurous day;
But in mysterious darkness there is life.
Look deep into my eyes, and thou shalt see
Not theory, creed or law, but self-belief;
Not God or Jesus, but Reality;
Not poverty or riches, but—a thief.
Aye, do not start! Not one among you all
Has my heroic courage; for although
You have the instincts of the criminal,
You lack the resolution to be so.
Search, hypocrites, your hearts, and sound them true:
I rid the rich of superfluities;
No man has ever starved through me—but you
Cheat and despoil the humble poor with lies.
And as for God; till He convinces me
By any miracle, or sign, or plan
That I am worse or cowardlier than He,
I openly defy—

Prout (*who has entered unobserved*).

Arrest that man!

I stand for God on earth; I am His law,
And faithfully will discharge my sacred trust.—
His hand was raised to strike you when He saw
Me here with mine uplifted—so I must.
That you have been an enemy to Christ;
That you have no religion or belief;
That you may even be an anarchist,
All that I waive.—For me you are a thief;
An outcast from society, a blot,

A beast without a home, a coward, a scourge:
God never would have made you, had He not
Made me as well to punish and to purge.
He, by a ruling immemorial,
Is Master of the judges of the land;
My pen inscribes the sentence, but in all
He stands behind me, and directs my hand.
Should I invent one truthless explanation,
Or fail one sacred precedent to keep,
I could no more kneel down in adoration—
I think I could not even eat or sleep.
So, in the name of God, on your confession,
Thief, I arrest you, that His wrath may fall
Through me, upon you at the coming session.

[*Innocent enters.*

God is the law—

Innocent. Ecclesiastical!

Secular is as nothing in His sight.
Outside the Church there is not any hope
For any man of knowing wrong from right:
In Heaven God is the Law, on earth—the Pope.
Moreover learn, O thou vainglorious man,
That crimson fires in deepest Hell await
All those unfaithful who refuse to scan
Him in the mystery immaculate.
High on a lofty rock one castle stands,
Which, stormed and battered, shall not ever lurch,
Impregnable to all the faithless bands:
Founded on catholic truth—The Catholic Church.

[*Caustic enters.*

And God! High-throned He dwells in farthest sky,
Into whose presence none shall ever pass,
Save by the flesh of Jesus Christ, which I
Reveal to all believers in the Mass.
Ah, when His Holy Spirit amid fumes
Of incense lifts me out of self-control,
No heretic can dream how He illumes
The innermost recesses of my soul.
That is a mystery I alone may scan,
Privileged in my character of priest;
So now in my capacity of man,
I ask you all to come with me and—
Caustic. —feast.
Innocent. Sir, who are you?
Caustic. A man of good intent:
A leech—a bodily salvation-giver.
That sense mysterious of the sacrament
Exists not in your soul, but in your liver.
God is a fiction of the nervous cells
Connected with a portion of the brain.
Religion is disease, and it expels
Spontaneous thought and renders manhood vain.
How, at the last, you always, in your need,
Summon the leech to save you, makes me smile.
I diagnose a man's religious creed
By testing the condition of his bile. [*Joseph arrives.*
God, in the end, and heaven and earth will sink
Back to eternal Chaos whence they came.
Both He and you are tottering on the brink
Of epilepsy—

Joseph (quickly) Glory to His Name,
Which Heaven and earth eternally adore,
Who was, and is, and shall be evermore!
He made thy body, and He made thy soul:
He is Jehovah, everlasting Lord,
And while eternal ages onward roll
Creation shall be subject to His word.
Thee, thou profane, thou double-damnèd leech,
He had confounded in thy godless mirth,
But that His unimagined mercies reach
From earth to Heaven and from Heaven to earth.
He is the all in all, the first and last;
In Him the beginning and the end unite;
He is the future and He is the past:
He is the finite and the infinite.
I will not dare His wonder to proclaim—
Which do not thou endeavour to besmirch.
Ye who desire to glorify His Name,
[*Geoffrey enters.*
Go ——
Joscelyn. Welcome poet!
John. Who is God?
Joseph. ——to church
Geoffrey. To church! I heard a sermon once in spring,
When last I went to church five years ago—
Such a dry, withered, cracked and crabbèd thing
As might have made the trees forget to grow.
To church! God is a spirit, not a creed;
He is an inner, outward-moving power:

Go to the heart of all, and watch the seed
Strive godward and at last become the flower.

* * * * * * *

Once, long before the birth of time, a storm
  Of white desire, by its own ardour hurled,
Flashed out of infinite Desire, took form,
  Strove, won, survived: and God became the world.

Next, some internal force began to move
  Within the bosom of that latest earth:
The spirit of an elemental love
  Stirred outward from itself, and God was birth.

Then outward, upward, with heroic thew,
  Savage from young and bursting blood of life,
Desire took form, and conquered, and anew
  Strove, conquered, and took form: God was that strife.

Thus, like a comet, fiery flight on flight,
  Flash upon flash, and purple morn on morn:
But always out of agony—delight;
  And out of death—God ever more reborn,

Till, waxing fair and subtle and supreme,
  Desiring his own spirit to possess,
Man of the bright eyes and the ardent dream
  Saw paradise, and God was Consciousness.

He is that one Desire, that life, that breath,
  That Soul which, with infinity of pain,
Passes through revelation and through death
  Onward and upward to itself again.

Out of the lives of heroes and their deeds,
  Out of the miracle of human thought,
Out of the songs of singers, God proceeds;
  And of the soul of them his Soul is wrought.

Nothing is lost: all that is dreamed or done
  Passes unaltered the eternal way,
Immerging in the everlasting One,
  Who was the dayspring and who is the day.

Joscelyn. Good poet, cease, and quaff some ale with me.
John. You have not said who raised me from the sod.
Henry. Your speech is rank and hellish blasphemy.
Caspar. Nay, nay,—and yet it surely is not God.
Andrea. It's God perchance—but of some other nation.
Dives. It's nothing better than a poet's dream.
Lazarus. It is not Christ.
Lazarillo. It's empty declamation.
Prout. It's harmless fustian — 'tis how matters seem.

Innocent. Harmless! He shall be burnt in Hell,
I vow.
Caustic. —Though Hell be but a figment of the
brain?
Joseph. Jehovah comes to vengeance even now.
Geoffrey. I sing for ever, though I sing in vain.
John. Still, still I seek Him: all of you are
wrong.
He must exist. I cannot understand
Why He withholds His countenance so long.
Farewell.
Joscelyn. Stay! See, Bernardo is at hand.
John. Bernardo! Joy! Come, herald of the dawn,
Renowned Bernardo, whom men call *the true!*
The cloud shall lift. The veil shall be withdrawn.
Hail, prophet, hail! My spirit yearns for you.
[*Bernardo enters.*
All. Hail! Hail!
John. Oh, learnèd master, solve our grief!
By whom were we uplifted from the sod?
We lean upon thy wisdom: tell us brief,
Who, who is God?
Bernardo. God? God! There is no GOD.

VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

UNDER MAGDALEN BRIDGE.

THE lapping, lapping, lapping of the stream
Makes songs around my lazy-light canoe;
The soft brown haze of dusk shines softly through
The dripping trees, and the damp meadows seem
A plateau as of lost desire, a dream
That melts from gold to gray: a soft breeze blew
Across the brow of waking night, and dew
Re-bathes the earth that grows a fading gleam.

The sleepy river ripples, ripples ever
Betwixt the old brown wall and meadows trim;
The tideless song of Never, Never, Never
Lulls the wet woods, and ever growing dim
The fields are grey with mist, and slip away
Into the darkness with the dying day.

THE CREATION OF EVE.

(After Blake's Picture.)

SOFTLY she rises, with a child's clear eyes;
The male still sleeps, the god instructeth her
Who, with his fellows, did of late confer
On her, who should complete this paradise;
In perfect wisdom he has made her rise;
She stands new-born, the utmost worshipper,
For in her being's depths doth slowly stir
The royal knowledge: she is wholly wise.

The mystic moon o'erhangs her, whence of late
The gods to earth transferred their charge, and she,
The perfect Mother of the Uncreate,
Hath taken to her flesh, that is to be
The way of carnal birth, the door of fate
Betwixt the borders of Infinity.

A LOST SPIRIT.

(The Spirit seeks re-incarnation.)

I PASS by darkened windy ways,
  Through bog and dripping heather;
I flash before the silver rays
  The moon holds tight together.
I sing beneath the waning moon;
An ancient god-forgotten rune
Springs to my lips to taste, and soon
The way behind with light is strewn.

O silent city silver-lit,
  O rainy roads reflecting
Tall houses where the old ghosts flit,
  Their shadows thin projecting
Across my path—the street lamps glare
Before my soft eyes everywhere.
Ah! men forget my face is fair,
The tangled glory of my hair.

O sobbing wind! O hedges dark!
  O hills bereft and lonely!
They've snatched the hidden boundary-mark,
  And left the ruins only.
Dimly the flickering shadows stray
Across the lonely hillside way:
Why should I weep and howl and pray?
They sleep, and wait the empty day.

O dream of the red olden time!
  O clash of armour splendid!—
A string of wind-begotten rime,
  And all their pain was ended!
O lonely sea! O lonely earth!
O dying art of glorious mirth!
My song, my song is little worth
To bring their bastard seed to birth!

What need of me in thunder-flash?
  What need in battle story?
What need among the whitened ash
  Of old far-winnowed glory?
They call me not to birth-bed throes;
Invoke me not with gold and rose;
The summer wanes, the summer grows,
They call me not from fire or snows.

I linger by the cottage-door
  When twilight sings of sorrow;
I flit around the gorse-strewn moor,
  And all the gold I borrow.
But in mine eyes my doom is set,
Yea! in their golden-glooming fret
Is woven the divine regret,
And ah! my birth-time is not yet.

A MUSIC PICTURE.

(Written while music was being played.)

PALING fires of instant blue
Throb the lower heavens through ;
In the higher
God is fire.

Green the calling of the hills;
Silver-noted sing the rills;
In the paling east doth rise
All the fire that flames and dies ;
In the glowing west is set
The banner of the lost regret ;
In the midst betwixt the skies
God looks through the clouds and dies.

Lying on a bank of green,
All the grey is clearest seen;
All my floating thoughts arise
To the place where God still lies.
In my thought I clothe him now;
He is born behind my brow,
And again shall live and die
In the battle of the sky.

This I knew when long ago
I came to God suffused in woe,
And he gave his life to me,
And he died upon the tree,
And the tree gave fruit and bloom,
And it grew a god's green tomb.
And he rose again to be
All the pulsing world to me.

*SEASCAPE.

ACROSS the sandy shallows
The salt winds cry and mourn;
The little twittering swallows
Cry out their notes; forlorn
The grass at the sea's edge
On the cliff ledge.

A cold grey sky; the wind
Rustles through the trees;
Chilled grasses weep; unkind
To them the icy breeze.
Brown hedgerows sway and creak,
The wind's so bleak.

And rain, gray, ceaseless rain,
  Insistent, nagging, dull,
Comes, like a dreary pain
  On a face grown beautiful
By patient suffering.
Soft rain-drops sting.

The fields are bare; the hills,
  Still barer in the gray,
Stand stark, and silence fills
  The empty, useless day,
Silent, save for rain,
Dead, save for pain.

And the weary, changeless sea
  With spiritless white foam
Lies level as a lea
  Under the empty dome:
No life on sea or earth;
A cold, slow dearth.

But the swallows cry in the rain,
  And a gull that floats on the sea,
Cries out and cries out again,
  In listless monotony.
And the wind cries and cries,
And never dies.

EPILOGUE

(To the Triumph of Pan.)

BECAUSE the fulfilment of dreams is itself but a dream,
There is no end save the song, and song is the end;
And here with a sheaf of songs bareheaded I stand,
And the light is fled from mine eyes, and the sword from my hand
Is fallen; the years have left me a fool, and the gleam
Is vanished from life, and the swift years sear me and rend.

There is no end save the song, and the joy in the singing,
And song alone may relieve the shadowy pain.
I am weary even of song, and the lyre is cold,
And my heart is lead, and the world seems very old.
Dusk falls on the earth, and Apollo no more comes winging
His way to me now; it may be I shall sing not again.

Yet to the dream I was true, and I followed the light
Till it vanished, and left me in darkness all cold and forlorn;
It may be that is the end; I know not nor care.
If these songs that were wrought in the days of my springtide are fair,
Perchance they shall seem to you good in the heart of the night,
When you wait for the light that shall come in the wake of the morn.

*SERPENS NOCTIS REGINA MUNDI.

(*Invocation à la Lune. Ballade Argentée.*)

OH lustrous Lady of the luminous lake,
Moving in magic mazes through the trees—
The sombre, swaying trees—light-lady, take
A moment's murmurings; heart-harmonies
That break my breast: I kneel before thy knees,
All humbly hesitant; the silver shoon
I crave to kiss make molten melodies
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.

Oh lustrous Lady, for thy shadow's sake
Is slain my slumber, ended all my ease;
I dream at dawn, nor with the wild-birds wake
To dulcet day; marred are mine images
Of lost low lands, of secret summer seas,
Where grave gold Glamour is so subtly strewn,
That from that dryad-dream no faerie flees
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.

Oh lustrous Lady of the Silver Snake,
Whisper thy worshipper if his pleadings please
Thine ear; oh, merrier music might I make—
Murmurs of moonlit meads, of light-green leas—
Where pagan priests muttered thy Mysteries
Before the baleful Birth; in their swaying swoon
They prophesied palely in thy curious keys
To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.

L'envoi.

Oh lustrous Lady, may my memories
  Of the untroublous times ere noisome noon
Bring back thy secret serpent-sorceries
  To the Slow Nocturne of the Rising Moon.

GERALD H. S. PINSENT.

THE ORGAN IN KING'S CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

THEN silence, and the veil of light is raised
And darkness seen behind. Now softly sound
The Angels' herald-trumpets, calling round
Thunders and mighty winds and powers amazed.
Now laden with the spirit of man's hand
There bursts an awful clarion-shout, and brings
Strange whispering and rushing of strange wings
Battling, and furtive secrets of command.
Down from the height and up from the abyss
Are swept dominion, power, angel, throne,
For unimaginable ends, and hiss,
And fall. The heralds trumpet; they are gone.
Tread softly—'tis in God's house thou hast been—
And fearfully—'tis God that thou hast seen.

JOHN PRESLAND.

THE BALLAD OF A SEA-NYMPH.

WHERE the water meets the sands
All alone sat she,
Wrung her hair with chilly hands
That glimmered mistily.

Phosphorescent were the drips
From her hair she wrung,
And like moonlight on her lips
Were the words she sung.

White she was, as white as foam
'Neath a moonlit sky,
And the treasures of her home
On her brow did lie.

There he found her, he, a man,
Wandering by the sea,
And desire through him ran—
Misty white was she.

There he wooed her, wooed her long,
Till, within her eyes,
Where were erst moonshine and song,
Dawned in slow surprise

Mortal pain and mortal doubt,
  Shades of misery,
And she turned her round about,
  Facing from the sea.

In his hand her hand she laid,
  As to land they turned,
And her hand of sea-foam made
  'Neath his fingers burned.

On they went, then, he and she,
  Walking towards the East!
And her sisters of the sea
  Their bewailing ceased.

As it paled towards the dawn,
  From the light they fled;
But she laughed with joy new-born,
  "Is this life?" she said.

There was labour of the day,
  Dust upon her feet,
Scorching of the shadeless way,
  Clamour of the street;

All a human want and pain,
  Laughter fraught with tears;
Toil, when toil we know is vain,
  Hope, when hopes are fears;

Till this creature of the sea
  At the last became
Human, in her misery,
  Joy and pride and shame.

With a word he left her there;
  "Woman that you are,
Mystery attracts us men
  Draws us from afar.

Sea-nymph as you were, a thing
  Intangible, unknown,
Like the light the sunbeams fling,
  Where the spray is blown.

Sea-nymph have you ceased to be,
  Forfeited the whole
Of that moonlight poetry
  Cherished by man's soul.

Still we seek the dim ideal
  As the moth the star,
How for women can we feel
  That our seekings bar?"

Where the water meets the sands,
  All alone sat she,
With her head between her hands,
  Facing from the sea.

From her forehead pushed her hair
  Drooping wearily,
Shivered by the water there:
  "Oh, soul's a curse!" said she.

RIZZIO'S SONG.

From "Mary, Queen of Scots."

WHAT are roses for, my Queen,
  White and crimson, leafed with green?
What are flowers for, bud and leaf?
  Just to deck the brows of Love,
An hour brief, an hour brief.

What is life for, O my Queen,
  With its days of shade and sheen,
Morn's and evening's pageantry?
  Just to glad the eyes of Love,
Quick to see, quick to see.

What is death for, O my Queen,
  Hungry jaws, and sickle keen,
Shedding bloom and withering leaf?
  Death's a priest to consecrate
Love with grief, love with grief.

A. V. RATCLIFFE.

FIGURE OF SPEED.

HERE does she sit, her foot upon the wing
Of a winged wheel, and in one mighty hand
Holding aloft her golden rod of power;
And in the other hand a flaming bar,
With spear-like darting jaggéd lightning heads.
Her face is like some ancient hero's face,
Far-seeing eyes, and brows, where sleep the thoughts
That shall be born in lightnings, and her lips
Most smoothly curved, but set too firm that love
Should dally with his rosy kisses there.
Her corslet clasps her firm and vital breasts,
But leaves uncaught her strong and placid neck,
While her loose cloak like light around her floats.
The very sandals of her feet are tipped
With little wings! Oh, I could fly with her
Into the farthest of her dimmest dreams,
And grip her heart, and press it to mine own!

BARDEN TOWERS.

BARDEN TOWERS in a mist of rain,
The trees all green and yellow and gold,
A wistful gloom on the hills of pain,
And a tale of sadness told.

She was sweet and he was fair,
He was stirring and hale and glad,
She was proud of her handsome lad,
And he of her wide gold hair.

He was merely a yokel lad,
But his heart was a passionate rising fire,
And his hallo along the rolling wold
Was a sound to make the sun aspire,
And the summer mend and hold.

But a gallant sergeant came at length.
He spoke to her lad; "You'll lend your heart
To a stirring deed, to a stalwart part,
The country's low for lack of strength,
And of men that care to smart."

Oh what could a lad whose heart was fire,
And what could a lass whose heart was fond,
Yea he must out to his country's bond,
And she must crush her soul's desire,
—And the year lay down her wand!

The war was weary and ended not,
And the news was sparse and vague and sad,
"Oh what is the fate of my handsome lad,
And what of his heart so wild and hot,
And what of his lips so mad?"

"What of the fate of my lad whose song
Was all for love, and for joy of love;
Whose vows in the gold of my hair were wove,
As his nesting arms grew sweet and strong,
And the starlight swam above?"

Nay, lovely lass, with thy proud gold hair,
Nay, lovely lass, so love forlorn,
Who standest with thy heart shred-torn,
And lean'st thy gaze on the grim hills there;
The sad grim hills of morn.

Nay, lovely lass, 'tis well, 'tis well,
Upon the third wan winter's noon,
That thou goest listless by the dune,
And deep into the forest dell,
And moanest for thy tune.

Oh match thee with the birchen bark,
And let thy feet touch dead, dead leaves,
And gaze thou in yon stream that grieves,
To see thine eyes so sad, so dark,
And thine hair like golden sheaves.

Nay, lovely lass, 'tis well, 'tis well,
Thou floatest white in the dark pool's arms,
Thou drownest deep thy dark alarms,
And liest peaceful in the hell
Of thine hair, that floats and charms.

He sleeps, thy brave, thy handsome lad,
Who sang awhile on the rolling wold,
He lies deep down, in his red suit clad,
He dreams with his heart that once was glad,
And his mad red lips are cold.

Barden Towers in a mist of rain,
The trees all green and yellow and gold,
A wistful gloom on the hills of pain
And a tale of sadness told.

DIRGE.

WHAT longer hath she need of loveliness
Whom Death hath parted from her lord's caress?
Of glimmering robes like rainbow-tangled mist,
Of gleaming glass or jewels on her wrist,
Blossoms or fillet-pearls to deck her head,
Or jasmine garlands to adorn her bed?

Put by the mirror of her bridal days . . .
Why needs she now its counsel or its praise,
Or happy symbol of the henna leaf
For hands that know the comradeship of grief,
Red spices for her lips that drink of sighs,
Or black collyrium for her weeping eyes?

Shatter her shining bracelets, break the string
Threading the mystic marriage beads that cling
Loth to desert a sobbing throat so sweet,
Unbind the golden anklets on her feet
Divest her of her azure veils and cloud
Her living beauty in a living shroud.

Nay, let her be! . . . what comfort can we give
For joy so frail, for hope so fugitive?
The yearning pain of unfulfilled delight,
The moonless vigils of her lonely night?
For the abnormal anguish of her tears,
And flowering springs that mock her empty years?

THE FESTIVAL OF SERPENTS.

SHINING ones awake; we seek your chosen temples
In caves and sheltering sandhills and sacred banyan roots;
O lift your droning heads from their trance of ageless wisdom
And weave your mystic measures to the melody of flutes.

We bring you milk and maize; wild figs and golden honey,
And kindle fragrant incense; to hallow all the air
With fasting lips we pray, with fervent hearts we praise you,
O bless our lowly offerings and hearken to our prayer.

Guard our helpless lives and guide our patient labours,
And cherish our dear vision like the jewels in your crests;
O spread your hooded watch for the safety of our slumbers,
And soothe the troubled longings that clamour in our breasts.

Swift are ye as streams and soundless as the dewfall,
Subtle as the lightning and splendid as the sun;
Seers are ye and symbols of ancient silence
Where life, and death, and sorrow, and ecstacy are one.

BANGLE SELLERS.

BANGLE-SELLERS are we who bear
Our shining loads to the temple fair. . . .
Who will buy these delicate, bright
Rainbow-tinted circles of light?
Lustrous tokens of radiant lives,
For happy daughters and happy wives.

Some are meet for a maiden's wrist,
Silver and blue as the mountain mist,
Some are flushed like the buds that dream
On the tranquil brow of a woodland stream;
Some are aglow with the bloom that cleaves
To the limpid glory of new-born leaves.

Some are like fields of sunlit corn
Meet for a bride on her bridal morn,
Some, like the flame of her marriage fire,
Or rich with the hue of her heart's desire,
Tinkling, luminous, tender and clear,
Like her bridal laughter and bridal tear.

Some are purple and cold-flecked grey,
For her who has journeyed through life's midway,
Whose hands have cherished, whose love has blessed
And cradled fair sons on her faithful breast,
Who serves her household in fruitful pride,
And worships the gods at her husband's side.

GOLDEN CASSIA.

O BRILLIANT blossoms that strew my way,
You are only woodland flowers, they say.

But I sometimes think that perchance you are
Fragments of some new-fallen star;

Or golden lamps for a fairy shrine,
Or golden pitchers for fairy wine.

Perchance you are, O frail and sweet!
Bright anklet-bells from the wild spring's feet?

Or the gleaming tears that some fair bride shed
Remembering her lost maidenhead.

But now, in the memoried dusk you seem
The glimmering ghosts of a byegone dream.

ERIC M. SILVANUS.

*EVENING ON THE DOWNS.

MAJESTIC as lone ruins reared of old,
They stand in the still twilight gathering
Over their sunset slopes. Around them cling
Deep-tinted clouds, and vesture-like enfold
The dark, low downs, that loom as waves storm-rolled
Unbreaking in mid-ocean. Echoing,
Faintly amid their unseen hollows ring
The bells of sheep that muster to their fold.

Beneath the rampart of the low, long range
Green Sussex sleeps, nor fears that Time or Change
Shall mar the music of her hill and lea;
Secure that nothing ever shall estrange
Her children's love, eternal as the sea
That crowns her infinite serenity.

JEAN ISABEL SMITH.

*EASTERN WINTER.

BITTER and shrill, O wind, bitter and shrill,
Spare us no slashings of thy frozen blade;
Most potent slayer, stunning heart and will,
Thought-numbing, grinding, searing, unafraid;

Scourge of the iron sea and snow-dumb ways,
Whirl the white stinging dust through lifeless skies;
We wear the shackles of relentless days,
Give us thy keenliest-whetted cruelties:—

Then, when we flee, by shadowy ways and far,
These mindless shapes bereft of mystery,
And fare through lands where scents and colours are,
Yea, we—whose souls are small exceedingly;

When buttercups' largesse on sultry plains,
And sun-dried mowings lying sweet and grey,
And opal benison of quiet rains
Have satisfied the reeling sense with May;

Grant us remembrance—(lest we fail to know
One lavish moment's poignant loveliness,—)
How in the grey streets passeth to and fro
Shrill-crying, lost, night-blinded bitterness.

J. C. SQUIRE.

ON A RAILWAY STATION.

AS I stand waiting in the rain
For the foggy hoot of the London train,
Gazing at silent wall and lamp
And post and rail and platform damp,
What is this power that comes to my sight
That I see a night without the night,
That I see them clear, yet look them through
The silvery things and the darkly blue,
That the solid wall seems soft as death,
A wavering and unanchored wraith,
And rails that shine and stones that stream
Unsubstantial as a dream?
What sudden door has opened so,
What hand has passed, that I should know
This moving vision not of trance
That melts the globe of circumstance,
This sight that marks not least or most
And makes a stone a passing ghost?

Is it that a year ago
I stood upon this self-same spot;
Is it that since a year ago
The place and I have altered not;
Is it that I half forgot,
A year ago, and all despised
For a space the things that I had prized:
The race of life, the glittering show?

Is it that now a year has passed
Of vain pursuit of glittering things,
Of fruitless searching, shouting, running,
And greedy lies and candour cunning,
Here as I stand the year above
Sudden the heats and the strivings fail
And fall away, a fluctuant veil,
And the fixed familiar stones restore
The old appearance-buried core,
The moveless and essential me,
The eternal personality
Alone enduring first and last?

No, this I have known in other ways,
In other places, other days.
Not only here, on this one peak,
Do fixity and beauty speak
Of the delusiveness of change
Of the transparency of form,
The bootless stress of minds that range,
The awful calm behind the storm.
In many places, many days,
The invaded soul receives the rays
Of countries she was nurtured in,
Speaks in her silent language strange
To that beyond which is her kin.
Even in peopled streets at times
A metaphysic arm is thrust
Through the partitioning fabric thin,

And tears away the darkening pall
Cast by the bright phenomenal,
And clears the obscured spirit's mirror
From shadows of deceptive error,
And shows the bells and all their ringing,
And all the crowds and all their singing,
Carillons that are nothing's chimes
And dust that is not even dust.

But rarely hold I converse thus
Where shapes are bright and clamorous,
More often comes the word divine
In places motionless and far;—
Beneath the white peculiar shine
Of sunless summer afternoons;
At eventide on pale lagoons
Where hangs reflected one pale star;
Or deep in the green solitudes
Of still erect entrancéd woods.

O, in the woods alone lying,
Scarce a bough in the wind sighing,
Gaze I long with fervid power
At leaf and branch and grass and flower,
Breathe I breaths of trembling sight
Shed from great urns of green delight,
Take I draughts and drink them up
Poured from many a stalk and cup.

Now do I burn for nothing more
Than thus to gaze, thus to adore
This exquisiteness of nature ever
In silence. . . .
But with instant light
Rends the film; with joy I quiver
To see with new celestial sight
Flower and leaf and grass and tree,
Doomed barks on an eternal sea,
Flit phantom-like as transient smoke.
Beauty herself her spell has broke,
Beauty, the herald and the lure,
Her message told, may not endure;
Her portal opened, she has died,
Supreme immortal suicide.
Yes, sleepless nature soundless flings
Invisible grapples round the soul,
Drawing her through the web of things
To the primal end of her journeyings,
Her ultimate and constant pole.

For Beauty with her hands that beckon
  Is but the Prophet of a Higher,
A flaming and ephemeral beacon,
  A Phœnix perishing by fire.
Herself from us herself estranges,
  Herself her mighty tale doth kill,
That all things change yet nothing changes,
  That all things move yet all are still.

I cannot sink, I cannot climb,
  Now that I see my ancient dwelling,
The central orb untouched of time,
  And taste a peace all bliss excelling.
Now I have broken Beauty's wall,
  Now that my kindred world I hold,
I care not though the cities fall
  And the green earth go cold.

THE THREE HILLS.

THERE were three hills that stood alone
  With woods about their feet.
They dreamed quiet when the sun shone
  And whispered when the rain beat.

They wore all three their coronals
  Till men with houses came
And scored their heads with pits and walls
  And thought the hills were tame.

Red and white when day shines bright,
  They hide the green for miles;
Where are the old hills gone? At night
  The moon looks down and smiles.

She knows the captors small and weak,
  She knows the prisoners strong,
She hears the patient hills that speak:
  'Brothers, it is not long;

'Brothers we stood when they were not
  Ten thousand summers past.
Brothers when they are clean forgot
  We shall outlive the last;

One shall die and one shall flee
  With terror in his train,
And earth shall eat the stones, and we
  Shall be alone again.'

F. W. STOKOE.

WE TWO ARE ON THE SELF-SAME PLANET . . .

WE two are on the self-same planet,—
And were you over the gulf, on Mars,
Would I not try a bridge to span it
And dare the cold between the stars?

But you are here where skies are grey,
And shivering trees are bleak and brown,
And field and fen stretch far away,
Mile on mile, from Cambridge town.

They've made a road from me to you,
And lit their lamp-posts all along;
And there is nothing left to do
But sing my ineffectual song.

*THREE SONGS TO FIDELIO.

I.

IF you will meet me where the moon
  Is quiet on the moorland reaches,
Or in the shade of dappled glade
  Beneath the haunted beeches—
If you will wait, O faery boy,
  I will not linger.
So wave your hand from Faery Land
  And beckon with your finger.

"Awake! Awake!" I hear you cry.
  And now your reedy pipes are shrill
Far, far away, beyond the day,
  Beyond the Faery Hill.
But wait, but wait, O faery boy,
  I come by height and hollow.
For now I hear your music clear
  Cry: "Follow! Follow! Follow!"

II.

I may not catch you with my hands,
  Your voice is just beyond my ear,
And vision cannot reach the lands
  Where I might see you clear:
  They are so far, so near.

My longing has no shape or name,
  My joy is fleeting as the dew:
Who heard a footstep as it came?
  Or, when it vanished, knew
  Which way he might pursue?

At ebbing noon-tide on the hill
  You come—ah, surely you are there:
So near you are, so near—and still
  I seek you everywhere,
  Nor find you anywhere.

III.

Pipe me a silver song,
  A fleeting strain,
Like shining wind along
  A leafy plain—
Swift sunlight caught among
  Shadows and rain.

Calling loud and calling still,
Over mossy bank and rill,
Piping soft and piping shrill.

Pipe me your golden notes
  Of noonday sound,
Luring the sunny motes
  In magic round
Where summer quiet floats
  In glooms spell-bound.

Calling clear and calling low,
Deeper down the woods you go,
Piping soft and piping slow.

Pipe me the call at last
  That is for me:
Sudden and soaring fast
  And stooping free,
Over the hills it passed
  Beside the sea.

Calling, calling, wild and sweet
Whither went no mortal feet,
Piping soft and piping fleet.

*MARY FORD AND JIMMY PRICE.

A GHOST STORY.

JIMMY Price was twelve, and played
Where the chestnut cast a shade
Near the crumbling house of God,
Anno Domini, Nineteen Odd.

Mary Ford, at twenty-five,
Gave up pretending to be alive:
This, says her tombstone under the tree,
Happened in 1743.

Now, as Jimmy plays alone,
All his pretty fellows gone
Home to supper, home to bed,
Mary rises from the dead.

Just her very self again
Mary rises, prim and plain.
Jimmy, scared to death almost,
Shut his eyes to hide the ghost.

Mary cried to him: "Never fear,
I won't hurt you, Jimmy dear:
It's only Mary, poor Mary Ford,
Tired of resting in the Lord.

Look, they say I fell asleep:
I didn't, though they laid me deep,—
I've waked and watched, year in year out,
The living people walk about.

When I was living in this land
I found them hard to understand;
And now I'm dead I often lie
Wondering whether they're mad, or I.

I like the rain and wind and trees
And birds and flowers and cows and bees,
Who work and play and make no lies
To prove that they are good and wise.

I like the children best of all
And watch them playing till nightfall;
And when they've left me, Jimmy dear,
I feel so awful lonely here."

Jimmy opened his eyes again:
Mary looked so prim and plain,
He couldn't really feel afraid
To think she'd watched them as they played.

"I had a young man once. When he
(Said Mary) came a-courting me,
I thought I knew what folk were after
With all their tears and looks and laughter.

But if I did, I soon forgot
When he went off with Alice Scott,
And I was pitied for what he'd done,
In 1741.

But Jimmy dear, you mustn't cry;
Those bad old times are long gone by.
And now I watch the children play
And never grieve till they're away.

You little boys are bold and strong
And after mischief all day long;
Your pretty bodies, swift and free,
Your shrilling voices, call to me.

Oh Jimmy dear, will you away
With Mary Ford to come and play?
That I may have you for my own,
And never more be all alone."

And Mary stretched her arms to him,
Till Jimmy shook in every limb;
He shook for pity, he shook for fear,
He shook for love of his Mary dear.

He loves her dear as she smiles to him,
Poor Mary Ford, so plain and prim;
His eyes are all for Mary's face,
He longs for Mary's still embrace;
He weeps and sighs and cannot move.
And Mary comes to take her love.

As Jimmy's mother came seeking him
He sobbed and moaned in the churchyard dim:
"Oh Mother, you've frightened poor Mary away,
Poor Mary, who wanted so much to play.

She was standing there by the old tombstone;
And now poor Mary must play alone."
So Jimmy Price went home to bed,
And Mary joined the restless dead.

THE MAD MAGICIAN.

I BUILT a palace, high up in air,
Tower and gallery, hall and stair.

Marble I wrought in, iron and gold.
Ever and ever this house will hold.

When I had made it fair and strong
I set it drifting the wind along

While I went seeking by hall and stair,
Sure of finding my darling there.

But silent the hall was, and empty the bower;
It was only an echo that sang in the tower.

I went to the window and saw them stare
At my palace hanging serene in air.

I know they hate me: I hear them cry,
"The mad magician has learnt to fly!"

"What, I have found you? This is your face,
Clear in the gloom of the market-place:

"Quiet and clear in the turbid crowd,
You, like a star in a wrack of cloud.

"Now you have seen me—now the surprise
Dawns in the dark of your dreaming eyes.

"You,—oh for you the palace, the song,—
You that I built it for fair and strong,

"Will you come to me? Answer me while you may,
Ere the wind has caught my palace away."

Loud laughed the throng as I drifted by:
"The mad magician has learnt to fly."

*ODE TO EARTHLY JOY.

PAUSE, Joy! I cannot follow. Just a space
Turn through the dusk the candour of your face
To cool my burning eyes.
You made no halt in your relentless race
Since I was driven out of Paradise
And torn from your embrace.

Is this pursuit of you for ever vain?
To hold you once and never hold again
Through all the breathless years,
To strive where never mortal shall attain
And still be fooled in laughter and in tears,
Is more than human pain.

I followed ever, where by land and sea
Vanishing lovely shapes have haunted me,
Swift touches, sounds, and gleams—
Hints of a perfect splendour, that must be
Your very self, as tender as my dreams,
As rapturous and free.

The spell of loveliness on wood and hill
Is yours, and morning happiness, and still,
Unfathomed bliss of night,
And seasons moving at their various will:
The cup no human thirst can drain outright,
No god can ever fill:

The skies, the clouds, the winds, the unmeasured
spaces,
Rivers, and cragged mountains; upland places
And sloping tall hillsides:
All that our heart in tremulous pride embraces,
And subtler influence of moods and tides,
And sense of shadowy traces.

You touch with wonder our desire and mirth,
All aims and pleasures of imperfect birth,
The very pang of lust;
And love, that comes before all power and worth,
Might scarcely shape such beauty out of dust
Did you forsake the earth.

And yours the wonder of all times and lands,
Of tongues, and work of human hearts and hands,
Of thought, and deeds, and art.
Only to you the unbroken temple stands
That human love has wrought in every part
To endure among the sands.

For you beyond all earthly good we crave,
Loveliest of spirits visiting us, save
Your shy and seldom brother
Who dwells beyond the silence of the grave;
And well it may be, you but serve that other,
And his the best you gave.

AELFRIDA TILLYARD.

*MYSELF.

SOMETHING of joy I feel and something fear
When to my soul's own depths I gaze adown.
'Tis dark and fiery like a living town,
And cries and strivings rise as I bend near.
Yet from the shadowed murk of streets there rear
Full many a pure church cross and spire that crown
And cast a halo o'er the city's frown,
Or make a star by which the vessels steer.
Touched are they not by all the strife below;
Still and erect they stand; God made them so.
But in and out the crowded streets, it seems,
Is heard the laughter of a little child,
And, clasped about the city sin-defiled,
There lies the magic country-side of dreams.

*FOR MY MOTHER'S JOURNEY.

I SHALL not see your ship put out to sea,
Nor stand to watch its smoke grow less and less,
Nor long, in some half-choking words, to bless,
And say "Let winds and waves all kindly be."
But oh, when you leave England on your lea,
Know there are tears 'tis folly to repress,
And there's a kind of sudden loneliness
That comes to those who watch the coast-line flee.
But I was born to see my ships set sail,
And sit at home and shiver in the gale.
And I was born to see my loved ones go,
And set my hopes a-sail through mist and rain,
Knowing that love, which burns at parting so,
Shall be a light to draw them home again.

*THE PRAYER.

AS when the lone sea calls
With swift strong voices of the ebbing tide,
And the river, deep between its borders,
Goes hurrying down to the remorseless sea—
So flowed my life away. And the sea lay
Grey as the wings of God's death-angel are,
Certain as time, and than despair more still;
While I, adown th' enchanted drowsy stream

Was all resistless borne.
I oped my eyes. There were two doctors near,
Resolute and grave. To myself I seemed
No more myself but some strange battlefield,
Whereon they fought against an unseen foe.
I saw my mother; and him whose love had made
My life an ecstasy of joy and pain.
Between these two an angel stood, all grey,
With grey wings softer than a seamew's breast
And eyes all shrouded from the gaze of men.
"Lo, this is Death," I mused, "all robed in grey."
And still th'enchanted drowsy stream flowed on,
Beating some rhythmic music in my ears
Until the sea should silence all at last.
Overhead my children slept. And I thought
"What when they wake, and, calling for me,
Find that there is no longer Mother there?"
Then gathered I my strength and fashioned it
To prayer, and took my love and made it wings
Wherewith to fly to God's far-distant throne.
I felt that with the gift of that one prayer
I surely gave my children all I had.
While lower, swifter sped the drowsy stream
While yet the angel stood all hooded, by my bed.
And here, there, with anxious decided steps,
The doctors walked. My left hand lay in yours.
The day broke, and the pale light all unreal,
Came creeping in my room. Then all the birds
Chorused with deafening clamour from the trees,
The sun weighed down the earth with heavy bars

Of light. Sudden a laugh, and a quick patter
Of footsteps overhead. The children wake!
The ebbing river ceased its drowsy flow,
I saw the angel spread his sombre wings,—
And he was gone. Op'ning my eyes, I saw
Dim faces round me, and there the doctor
Sitting stiffly, his fingers on my pulse. . .

*THAT TWO PERSONS CANNOT BE ONE.

THE years have judgement given. They have done
Slowly to death the hope that was in me
That I could fuse my life with life of thee—
Such life was withered e'er it had begun.
Yea, when we thought our bodies' love had won
Our very souls from longing to be free,
And we were one, as waves and deep are sea,
Time knew he gave such glory unto none.
O love of mine, if I may not be thou,
If all myself was never mine to give,
If lone as we were born, we lone must live,
'Twas better, finer, to misunderstand
The ways of love, than coldly touch thy hand,
Content with chilly lips upon my brow.

*TO A KING'S MAN.

WHEN gazing deep down in your eyes
I feel your look is like a touch
To wake the love that sleeping lies.
When gazing deep down in your eyes
I see the limbs of love arise
And shrink back lest I see too much.
When gazing deep down in your eyes
I feel your look is like a touch.

*ARCHITECTURE.

I STOOD within a city church at eve,
And from the street outside there rose a roar,
That beat in many a wave against the door,
As if some sea of torment sought reprieve.
I almost feared the flood of sound would cleave
My gates and steal away their quiet store.
But all the church was still from roof to floor,
And stillness did the dusk of evening weave.
Dim pillars stood like steadfast souls at prayer,
And never a light lit up the altar stair.
Then I was glad that I was there alone
To learn what meant the church that man had made.
And I took strength from stall and arch and stone
To face the world's deep anguish unafraid.

*A MOTHER, ON HER SON'S 21st BIRTHDAY.

MY son is mine no more. He is a man,
And as a man he meets his life alone.
I'm grown as some madonna carved of stone,
To kneel before, to honour, and forget.
He was the child I made—and now a man—
I thought his very blood was mine;
I made his soul and with it did entwine
My soul, my life, my very self—and yet
He is not I, he stands alone, a man.
He cannot see I made him as he is,
Gave him the breath of beauty with my kiss,
Taught him the tune of pain, with eyelids wet.
He loves me, but he needs me not. A man
Needs but himself, and right; but I—but I—
I need a child; I need to hush its cry,
And be the god on whom its eyes are set.

*THE IRISH POET.

MY eyes are blue with gazing on thy deeps,
My hair is rippled by thy wind, O sea,
My lullaby thy song that never sleeps,
As thou art limitless, so am I free.
O sea, O mountains, make my song to be
Mist of the mountains, foam of the sea.

Now as I stand above thy flowing tide
I see a Spanish galleon take the bay
So come my dreams upon my soul a-ride,
As waves are ridden by the tossing spray.
O sea, O mountains, make my song to be
Mist of the mountains, foam of the sea.

The sea grows leaden as the sun goes down,
The mountains shudder forth their breath in mist,
But the highest hill-crest wears a golden crown,
So crowned are men who to their dreams may list.
O sea, O mountains, make my song to be
Mist of the mountains, foam of the sea.

O western hills, the cradle of my race,
Ye mountains cold, their marriage-bed and shroud,
Than yours I'll seek no other wife's embrace
If I may speak your stormy soul aloud.
O sea, O mountains, make my song to be
Mist of the mountains, foam of the sea.

*LOVE NOT THE DEAD O'ERMUCH.

LOVE not the dead o'ermuch. You hold them here
When, king-like they should come into their own,
And, in some spirit-mother's womb resown,
Be sons of life, sans darkness and sans fear.
But, as in sombre waters of a mere,
The stars their image from afar drop down,
The dead shall light your soul, the dead whose crown
Makes up the light of every starry sphere.
But know, when e'er the dead can hear our grief
They linger all our barren earth around,
And touch us with the wind's too-plaintive sound,
Whispering back our grief within our ears.
Then gather of your pain the ripened sheaf—
Turn to the living—they need all your tears.

*THE DIFFERENCE.

IF ever thou didst turn aside
Or could'st unfaithful be,
And then re-tread the wayward path
And bring back love to me,

I never could be glad again
Or light of heart, but yet
I'd put my hands upon thy eyes
And help thee to forget.

I'd plant a hedge of briar-rose
  Across the paths that stray,
Until at last thou wouldst forget
  That thou hadst walked that way.

But yet if e'er I durst to look
  Into some strange man's eyes,
Thou wouldst be just as Jewish God,
  Impassive as the skies.

*TWO THINGS.

TWO things I ask of you, and they are these,
  When all my little deeds and I are dead,
  And life's last wave has gathered o'er my head,
Forget me, as you would forget the breeze
That sudden stirs at nightfall in the trees
  And with the first bright peep of stars is fled.
  My soul starts out alone without a dread
And longs to drink oblivion to the lees.
But if from out my sombre life I flung
Some spark of song that sprang afire and sung
Such strains as woke your song to answer mine,
  Memory be brazier for the sacred fire,
  And unforgetting praise your priests' attire.
I would be mortal and my words divine.

EDMUND VALE.

OLD JAPAN.

I CAN hear the children clapping,
  Hidden in the misty morning,
  On the shores of Old Japan.
I can see the junk sail flapping,
Red with light that's ruddier dawning,
  On the snows of Fuji San.

While the filmy haze is lifting,
I can see through many a rifting
  Shaggy fir trees, little islands,
  Like a painted Nipon fan,
Like a fan that's silver rounded,
For the bay is sandy bounded,
  Stretching to the flowery highlands
  Of the heart of Old Japan.

Here are things that Westerns share not,
Here business, time and haste compare not
  In the dull or in the clever
  With the peace of mind of man;
Here with joy in mist and glamour,
Droning chant and ringing clamour,
  Naked children play for ever
  Simple games of Old Japan.

Play on then till bats are dipping,
Till the shades of night come tripping
  And your souls in dark are hidden,
  Sweet Kodomo and Nésan,
For a darker shade approaching
From the Westward is encroaching,
  Pressing onward unforbidden
  Round the shores of Old Japan.

And while temple gongs are booming,
By Pagodas dimly looming
  And by many an ancient Tori
  And by paper lanterns wan,
Progress comes with fingers stealing
Without mercy, without feeling,
  Waiting but to grip your story,
  Then he'll close it, Old Japan.

*THE WINDMILL.

"COME to where the wind is sighing,
  Where the bats are thickly flying,
Where the red lights lie a-dying,
And the evening droops its shroud

"Come upon my sails and wonder
At the mystery of my thunder,
  At my groaning
  And my creaking,
As the cloud of night comes reeking,
Casting me about and speaking
  Wild and loud.

"All the day I work in silence,
  Half asleep my sails go round,
But at night I think and listen
  To the thoughts the stars have found,
For the day with all its brilliance
  Has not half the truth of night:
Children plight their love in darkness
  But they veil it in the light.

"I have heard the boys at day prime,
  I have seen the men at noon,
And the grey-beards pass me silent
  In the hush t'wixt sun and moon.
They have sought the truth in day-time
  While I slept and let them play,
But when night came down they found it,
  For there is no truth in day."

THE KING'S WHITE DAUGHTER.

BEHOLD! "The Bride's Descent," a thousand steps to a great river,
Decked all with garlands for nuptials soon to be—
Old towers and gateways leading up for ever
Through ancient Courts of Silence to the Kingdom of Faerie.

And the wild swans flew up that sunny water,
And the wild swans flew down;
And high above the lawns where walked the King's White Daughter
They flew and took the sunlight which sparkled in her crown.

And on the lawn she saw them, their long V'd shadows slanting,
While beside her walked the peacocks, and behind her strolled the page;
And she cried with her hands clasped, "Why should these go flaunting?
They kill the pretty sunlight! 'Tis the sign of Death and Age!"

"There is nor age nor death for thee, my Lady,
Thou art enchanted"—and up he took his bow.
"True!" she cried laughing, "but still more persuade me,
Strike them through their long necks, through their long necks all of snow!"

Another shadow—a shadow swift and narrow
Yea, so swift and narrow, she saw it not at all—
Fled across her sunny crown,—'twas but the page's arrow.
And she looked up and laughed, to see the wild swan fall.

And still another shadow between the lawn and sunlight—
The shadow of a red streak falling through the air—
Down in the river is the wounded swan's death fight;
But his blood has splashed on the King's White Daughter fair;

Splashed on her peacocks and on her pretty Page-boy,
And lo! there steals a music calling soft and faint
Through the great gardens and orchards of the King's joy
From the ancient terraced thousand steps—"The Bride's Descent."

Behold! her true love is a prince enchanted,
And he has turned wild swan, to see his love at play:
And lo! her page has shot him, but his Fairy Sire has granted
His death's wish—He's a galleon to bear them all away.

At the Bridal Steps he waits to bear his love in
Himself, a round prowed galleon, white as drifted snow,
But no reflection swims upon the iris'd margin,
No shadow falls on the smooth flood below.

* * * * *

Down the thousand steps when the day was sinking
Came the King's White Daughter, her peacocks, and her page,
And before them moved the players of the charméd music singing,
Death on the one hand and on the other Age.

On the last Bridal step when the moon was on the river
—Purple dark, with white stars, shining through above—
The Princess took her gold crown and cast it off for ever,
Because for her gold crown she had slain her love.

Forth from the thousand steps on the gleaming water,
Leaving Death and Age in the Kingdom of Faerie,
Sailed the page, the peacocks, and the King's White Daughter,
Silent through the wild swans asleep upon the sea.

OLWEN WARD.

SONG.

LOVE with light step passes,
  And returns not ever—
As wind among the grasses,
  As wind upon a river.

The grasses lean and listen
  Where the wind has beckoned,
Stoop and sway and glisten
  For a fleeting second.

Only one, in token
  Of that light-foot lover,
Only one is broken
  And the rest recover.

So Love comes and passes,
  As the wind comes, shaking
Lightly many grasses,
  And one only breaking.

*TO A LECTURER.

O WHAT, alas, can yet delay,
Or what recall the hours
That while I grasp them fade away
Like dreams, like friends, like flowers.

There is a wisdom that endures
After the teacher dies—
Not so the wisdom that is yours,
Of tones, of smiles, of sighs.

And when the vivid voice is still,
And the eloquent face is gone,
Dull memory is mute and chill,
The ecstasy is flown.

O could the gods immortalize
The one remaining hour,
The mind's delight, the soul's surprise,
And your elusive power!

*ENID WELSFORD.

"My grief on the sea,
How the waves of it roll!
For they heave between me
And the love of my soul!"

(*Douglas Hyde. From the Irish*).

Look above, look below, look around on every side!
Dank grass, bent trees and nothing else you see,
Why talk you then so wildly of the rolling of the tide,
The wind that stirs bad weather up, a ship that sails the sea?

Do you see him, do you see him? He's standing by the mast.
Come back, come back! Oh will you never hear?
He stands upright, half smiling, with his face towards the blast,
My voice is weak and cannot reach as far as you, my dear.

Hide your eyes, hide your eyes, and look from him if you can!
His face shines pale beneath the moonlit skies
For he is sick at heart for home, yet proud to be a man—
But oh his guileless baby mouth, his open childlike eyes—

Look above, look below, look around you far and wide
Dank grass, bent trees and nothing else you see!
He is too young to be alone, I should be at his side—
And oh that I were there with him beneath the rolling sea.

IOLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS.

AT MUSIC.

TO and fro, and out and back
The music swings me, lying slack
And limp and tired; and now it's day,
And now it's night, and I'm away
With queer inconsequential things,
While still the music swings and swings.
I hardly listen to the sound
Which yet slips in and laps around
Work-sodden brain and listless sense . . .
"An ecstasy for eighteenpence"
I think—and then I wonder why
I thought of that. Perhaps I try
To listen, and I watch the flies
Dancing about the light, till eyes
Grow dazed and numb . . . Then suddenly
The music grips me, thrills to me
With little shudders up my flesh,
Like sunsparks where the wind is fresh,
That scatter out across a lake,
When day is new and just awake.

*HESITANCY.

OH heart, how long shall we serve errantry
Among the mazes of uncertain youth?
How long be hampered round with this uncouth
Grotesque array of half-fidelity,
Half-love, half-wisdom; all this misery
Of wondering? But when shall we with smooth
And easy mind say "Look! for here is truth,
Here love, and here the godhead certainty."

Shall that god come? or must we bear about
With us the torment of a sleepless wit?
Still shirk acceptance? Still desire to prove?
And even in life's best moment, paled with doubt,
Between the passion and the chill of it
Be cursed with wonder "Is this really love?"

*THE LITTLE OWL.

(*On the Upper River, Cambridge.*)

WE glide and are still on the stream
In quiet that drugs the wit,
The sun has charmed our hearts
As the day is charmed with it;

And the little owl in the willow,
  So passionless, still, we seem,
As little fears our passing
  As he fears the passing stream.

The sun has charmed our hearts,
  Our sense, to tranquility—
Quiet as weeds in the river
  Or the little owl in the tree.

LA VECCHIA.

(To Walter Sickert, for his drawing.)

I THINK that that sad look of yours to-day—
  That dreamy gazing at the distances,
Which keeps you standing rapt and motionless
In that near present of the far away—
Is full of memories and interplay
Of thoughts of many days of happiness
When you were swift to dance and bright of tress,
That now are heavy-limbed and old and grey.

Perhaps it is the chatting of the birds
In the new sun that brings to you again
The thought that on a day just such as this
You should have seen him come, have heard his words,
Have felt—No. Only guessing at your pain
I watch you gaze upon your memories.

LOVE DEMONIAC.

(A Grotesque.)

FIRST a vague walking through the half-dark wood,
An aimless feeling in the torpid blood;
A white blur growing through the black pine trees;
A gasp staccato, trembling in the knees,
At more distinction of the coming face;
A cry to send the darkness round the place
Reeling—"Ah shining lamp" . . . "Ah fellow flame,
There was great darkness here until this came,
This splendid rush of love demoniac."

. . . . . .

And then—a sudden shiver down the back.

ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD.

FIRST LIGHT.

A HARBOUR light in a storm,
A well in a waste of sand,
A beacon light on a hopeless night,
A friend in an alien land.

A twilight flush in the East,
A star in a clouded sky,
A loyal blade for a cause betrayed,
A breath from an age gone by.

Sweet in a loveless world,
Pure in a tainted air,
Oh, who could see and not worship thee?
Lose thee and not despair?

*WHEN WAR WAS THREATENED TO ENGLAND

LOOK down, O Lord, on this our Motherland,
Thine England of the Seas; below the verge
Her foes are gathering, even as the surge
Musters its long dark lines to storm the sand.
What worth have we or valour to withstand
The shock of hosts, what merit to emerge
Pure from the flame? yet grant to us the scourge
But spare the bolt in Thine uplifted hand.

Great God, Who dost not doom the sins of men
With cold, grey justice of a human eye,
Have not our fathers glorified Thy name?
Hath she no service yet? O grant us then
This respite, gracious Lord, or else to die
Before our dear, dear country owns her shame.

*CAMBRIDGE UP TO DATE.

LITTLE don Perkins,
Social psychologist,
Proved after hall
To old Dowbiggin
(Master of Arts and Doctor of Science)
That time and space and matter and motion
(In short, God's universe)
Were just a machine of one, two, three,
Known unto Perkins
Revealed to Dowbiggin.

While over the court, the naked universe
Arched with its laughter of a million suns,
And every orb, out of the sea
Of that unfathomable night blue,
Sang—*Gloria in excelsis deo!*

While little don Perkins
Played double dummy,
And old Dowbiggin
Slumbered sonorous.

EPILOGUE.

IF there be breath of God in ocean's rise and fall,
If there be God behind the stars and sullen blue,
If all our dreams that we would proudly hold as true
Are shadows from the light of God who is the All;

If we who looked adoringly in Nature's eyes,
And we who find in Love the highest truth we know
And bear the blazing torch of song aloft to show
Divinity indwells the lovely forms we prize;

If we, then, poets, dare believe as we dare see
The God above, among us, who is God indeed,
O Thou, who gave us voice and vision to our need,
Take to Thyself the songs that had their birth in Thee.

Sarasvati.

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